THE SPEAKER

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NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

				a.m.		a.m.		p.m.
London (Euston) ...	...	...	dep.	9 30	...	11 15	...	1 30
				p.m.		p.m.		
Rhyl ...	...	...	arr.	2 32	...	4 30	...	6 53
Colwyn Bay	...	...	,,	3 3	...	4 50	...	7 33
Llandudno	...	...	,,	3 30	...	5 20	...	7 40
Penmaenmawr	...	...	,,	4 8	...	5 22	...	7 36
Bangor ...	...	...	,,	3 24	...	5 43	...	7 55
Pwllheli ...	...	...	,,	5 5	...	—	...	9 50
Criccieth ...	...	...	,,	5 8	...	—	...	9 38

				a.m.		a.m.		p.m.
London (Euston) ...	...	...	dep.	9 30	...	11 0	...	2 35
				p.m.		p.m.		
Barmouth ...	...	...	arr.	4 35	...	5 55	...	—
Aberystwyth	...	...	,,	4 20	...	5 30	...	9 45

CENTRAL WALES.

						a.m.		p.m.
London (Euston)	...	...	...	dep.		11 0	...	1 30
						p.m.		p.m.
Llandrindod Wells ...	...	...	...	arr.		4 15	...	7 5
Llangammarch Wells	...	...	...	,,		4 52	...	7 38
Llanwrtyd Wells... ...	...	...	...	,,		5 5	...	7 44

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

						a.m.		a.m.
London (Euston)	...	...	...	dep.		10 25	...	11 30
						p.m.		
Blackpool ...	...	...	...	arr.		4 0	...	—
Morecambe	...	...	...	,,		4 3	...	—
Windermere	...	...	...	,,		4 40	...	—
Keswick ...	...	...	...	,,		—	...	6 0

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON,
Euston, July, 1899. General Manager.

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Not more than 7 miles	1 0 per package.
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FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

Midland Railway.

SUMMER TRAIN, &c., SERVICES FROM ST. PANCRAS.

PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, &c.

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS)		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	* a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	depart	5 15	9 0	10 5	10 35	12 0	12 10	12 25	2 0
Derby	arrive	8 5	12 20	1 0	1 57	..	3 0	3 35	4 42
Matlock Bath	,,	8 38	..	1 34	..	..	4 7	..	5 13
Rowsley	,,	10 41	1 21	2 46	..	..	4 23	..	5 25
Miller's Dale	,,	9 2	1 52	2 3	..	..	3 40	..	5 40
BUXTON	,,	9C35	..	2 22	..	..	4 10	..	5 53
Hope (for Castleton)	,,	11 8	2E 0	..	2 56	..	..	6 24	..
Ashbourne	,,	10 30	..	..	3A30	..	..	6 2	6 42
Manchester (Cen.)	,,	10 0	1H15	2 30	..	4 15	..	..	6 20
Liverpool	,,	10 50	2H15	3 43	..	..	5 20	..	7 15
Southport	,,	12 0	..	4 20	..	..	6 0	..	8 5
Blackpool	,,	11 28	3H30	5 2	..	6B5	..	..	8 40

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS)		* p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	H p.m.	p.m.	night
	depart	2 10	3 0	4 0	5 0	5 40	6 45	9/15	12 0
Derby	arrive	5 36	6 18	6 30	7 53	9 3	9 32	12 20	3 20
Matlock Bath	,,	6 23	..	7 29	8F28	..	..	..	3 56
Rowsley	,,	6 40	..	7 40	9E48	..	..	..	..
Miller's Dale	,,	..	..	7 58	8 52	..	..	..	..
BUXTON	,,	..	..	8 20	9 20	..	..	..	..
Hope (for Castleton)	,,	..	7 37	9E 9	..	..	..	..	..
Ashbourne	,,	..	..	8C39	..	..	..	..	..
Manchester (Cen.)	,,	..	..	8 20	9H25	..	11 10	2 20	5 15
Liverpool	,,	..	..	9 40	10 45	..	12 20	4 55	5 55
Southport	,,	..	..	10 25	11 55	..	..	..	8D32
Blackpool	,,	..	..	11 25	..	..	..	..	8D25

* Scotch Expresses—Corridor Trains.

A—Arrives 3.45 p.m. on Wednesdays and Saturdays. **B**—Arrives Blackpool at 6.53 p.m. on Saturdays. **C**—Arrives 8.59 p.m. on Saturdays **D**—Sundays excepted. **E**—Saturdays only. **F**—This time applies to Matlock Bridge Station. **G**—Arrives at 9.20 a.m. on Mondays. **H**—Bank Holidays excepted. **J**—On Saturday nights passengers leave London at 10.0 p.m, and arrive Derby at 1.0 on Sunday mornings.

YORKSHIRE WATERING PLACES, LAKE DISTRICT, &c.

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS)		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	* a.m.	p.m.	* p.m.	p.m.	p.m.†
	depart	5 15	9 0	10 30	10 35	12 25	2 10	3 0	4 0
Scarboro'	arrive	1 28	3 53	..	4J28	7J 5	..	..	11 35
Ilkley	,,	2 2	..	..	4 5	5 40	7 30	..	..
Harrogate	,,	11 27	3 21	..	4 23	5 55	8 11	8 38	10 56
Ingleton	,,	1 5	..	4 30	..	7G20	8E10	..	..¶
Morecambe	,,	1 0	4 5	4 40	..	7 45	8 35	10H12	..
Grange	,,	1 17	4 12	5 23	..	7 36	8 22	..	..
		p.m.							
Windermere	,,	2 0	..	5 15	..	8 20	..	..	—
Barrow-in-Furness	,,	2† 0	4 50	5 15	..	8 12	9 0	..	..
Belfast	,,	..	..	10 50	..	..	5 30	..	—
				C			B		

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS)		p.m.	p.m.	night
	depart	5 40	10 0	12 0
Scarboro'	arrive	..	5 35	..
Ilkley	,,	11 55	..	7 55
Harrogate	,,	12 0	5D50	7 55
Ingleton	,,	..	..	8D25
Morecambe	,,	..	..	8 52
Grange	,,	7D28	..	9 23
Windermere	,,	8A20	..	10 55
Barrow-in-Furness	,,	5 25	..	10 50
Belfast	,,	..	..	..

A—These times will not apply after September 16th. **B**—Via the English Lake District and Barrow. On certain dates (for which see special notices) the steamer arrives at Belfast later. **C**—Via Stranraer and Larne. **D**—Sundays excepted. **E**—Thursdays excepted. **G**—Arrives Ingleton 8.10 p.m. on Fridays. **H**—Saturdays only. **I**—Until July 15th passengers arrive Scarboro' at 6.0 p.m. **J**—Until July 15th passengers arrive Scarboro' at 7.55 p.m. †—Ramsden Dock Station.

* Scotch Expresses—Corridor Trains.

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London (St. Pancras) ..	depart	a.m. 10 35	Edinburgh (Waverley)	depart	a.m. 10 5
Edinburgh (Waverley)	arrive	8 24	London (St. Pancras) ..	arrive	7 50
		p.m.			p.m.
London (St. Pancras) ..	depart	2 10	Glasgow (St. Enoch) ..	depart	1 30
Glasgow (St. Enoch) ..	arrive	11 25	London (St. Pancras) ..	arrive	10 45

☞ *For the complete Train Service to SCOTLAND see other announcements.*

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EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, to ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, DOUGLAS (Isle of Man), MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, SCARBORO', Bridlington, Filey, Robin Hood's Bay, Whitby, Saltburn, Redcar, Tynemouth, Whitley, Cullercoats, BLACKPOOL, Lytham, St. Ann's and Fleetwood. (See special bills for times, &c.)

TOURIST AND CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS

are now issued from LONDON (St. Pancras) to numerous SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS.

SPECIAL TIME TABLE FOLDERS,

Also Tourist Programmes, Illustrated Guides, &c., may be had on application at all **Midland** Stations and Agencies.

GEO. H. TURNER, *General Manager.*

Derby, July, 1899.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1899.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WEEK:—	
Public Affairs: At Home	... 28
,, Abroad	... 30
Literature, etc.	... 32
Obituary	... 32
MAKING FOR PEACE	... 32
DEVELOPMENT IN IRELAND	... 33
THE TITHE BILL	... 34
A GOLD STANDARD FOR INDIA ...	... 35
THE NEXT DANGER IN FRANCE ...	... 36
FINANCE	... 37
THIS MORNING'S PAPER. By "A Mere Outsider"	... 38
THE SEASON	... 39
THE POSSIBILITIES OF FLIGHT ...	... 40
LETTERS: A TRADE OR RECREATION?	... 41
THE DRAMA. By A. B. W.	... 42
HOW JANET GOUDIE CAME HOME. By Kennedy King	... 43
VERSE:—From Dreamland. By A. M.	... 44
A LITERARY CAUSERIE:— "The Awkward Age." By A. T. Q. C.	... 44
REVIEWS:—Dr. Brandes on Ibsen ...	... 45
A Phase of the Forward Policy ...	... 47
A B C	... 48
The Duc de Saint-Simon	... 48
True Education	... 49
The Latest Arctic Exploration ...	... 49
Practical Sermons	... 50
A Great Masonic Guild	... 50
Fiction	... 51
More July Reviews and Magazines	... 52
First Impressions	... 53

NOTICE.

A Special Supplement of THE SPEAKER, *containing Literary and other contributions, will be published on Saturday, July 22nd. Advertisements for this number should reach the Manager, 115, Fleet Street, E.C., by July 20th.*

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

IN the House of Lords on Tuesday the peers enjoyed the rare pleasure of a revolt against the leadership of Lord Salisbury and the consequent defeat of the Prime Minister. The occasion of the revolt was the second reading of the Seats for Shop Assistants (England and Ireland) Bill. It will be remembered that a Bill of precisely the same character, but dealing exclusively with Scotland, passed the House of Commons earlier in the Session, and being sent to the House of Lords was unceremoniously rejected at the instigation of Lord Salisbury, who poured contempt upon the measure. On this occasion the Duke of Westminster moved the second reading of the Bill and strongly urged its acceptance by the peers. Lord Shand moved its rejection, and he was supported in this proposal by Lord Salisbury, who entertained the most serious objections to the measure because it entered upon a novel field of legislation and dealt with matters with respect to which they knew nothing. The Bishops of Winchester and Ripon strongly upheld the principle of the measure in spite of the protests of the Prime Minister, and they had the additional support of Lord Kimberley, Lord Carrington, and other peers. Finally, on a division, the second reading of the Bill was carried by 73 votes to 28. The result was received with a burst of laughter, in which the defeated Prime Minister joined heartily.

THE Clergy Relief Bill has been the chief subject of debate in the House of Commons during the present week. The House went into Committee on the measure on Monday, when the first proceeding of the Chairman (Mr. Lowther) was to rule out of order several instructions to the Committee which had been put on the paper and eighteen amendments. The first amendment in order was one by Mr. Ellis Griffiths restricting the relief under the Bill to owners of tithe-rent charges under the value of £200 a year. Mr. Long resisted this amendment, which was, he declared, against the whole principle of the Bill. Sir William Harcourt retorted that the only principle of the Bill was the robbery of the general community for the benefit of one particular class. The Government were now going to do for the parsons what they had already done for the squires. Mr. Perks, Sir Henry Fowler, and Mr. Asquith all supported the amendment and opposed the Bill, and Mr. Whiteley spoke for the first time from the Opposition side of the House in advocacy of the amendment. In the end the amendment was lost by 251 to 155 votes. Other amendments proposed by Mr. Nussey, Mr. Lambert, and Mr. D. Thomas were subsequently dealt with, and, with the aid of the closure, negatived before the sitting was brought to an end.

ON Tuesday the proceedings in Committee on the Tithes Rating Bill were even more lively than on the previous evening. Once more the closure was applied in order to facilitate progress, whilst the Chairman of Committee got into a somewhat heated altercation over the manner in which he ruled amendments out of order. There were ten pages of amendments on the paper, and the discussion of the first of them which was in order occupied two hours. Mr. Evans was the author of this amendment, which excluded the present owners of tithe-rent charge from the operation of the Act, limiting its benefits to clergymen who might be presented to their benefices after the passing of the Act. Incidentally, there was a hot interchange of recriminations between the Government and the front Opposition bench during the discussion of this amendment. Mr. Long taunted the Opposition with their inconsistency, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman called upon Ministers to redeem their pledges as to Old Age Pensions before they brought any charge of inconsistency against the Opposition. Then came the complaint of Sir William Harcourt as to the action of the Chairman with regard to amendments. Eventually the discussion on Mr. Evans's amendment was closured, and the amendment itself rejected by 262 votes to 165. During the remainder of the evening the closure was repeatedly applied, not only to particular amendments but to batches of them; and when the House rose, shortly after midnight, several lines of the first clause had been carried through Committee.

ON Wednesday Clause 1, which is practically the Bill, was got through Committee by the use of the closure, after two amendments had been discussed. The most significant of these, which was moved by

Mr. Holland, an East-End member and a Ministerialist, would have shifted the burden of which the Bill relieves the clerical tithe-owner on to the rates of the localities affected, instead of putting it on the Local Taxation Account. The amendment was moved in the interest of the urban ratepayers, particularly those of London, and received considerable support among the Ministerialists. It was rejected, however, by a majority of 100, while a second amendment moved by Mr. Courtenay Warner, which would have safeguarded the Technical Education Grant, was prematurely disposed of by the closure, and rejected by a majority of 124. Clause 1 was passed by 259 votes to 151.

On Thursday the House of Lords repaired its error of a few weeks ago by making preparations to include Scotland in the operation of the Seats for Shop Assistants Bill. In the House of Commons various questions were asked as to the Transvaal crisis, the despatch of troops, the grievances of the Uitlanders in respect of the use of the Dutch language in the schools and of the taxation of the necessaries of life. Incidentally Mr. Chamberlain gave an estimate of the Uitlander population as 200,000, of which 159,000 were probably British subjects. From half-past four on Thursday till four on Friday morning the House was occupied with the Tithes Rating Bill. Amendments were moved from the Liberal side to make it clear that Scotland and Ireland were not included in the Bill; to confine it to benefices where the proportion of income derived from tithe-rent charge was considerable; to postpone its operation till after the Agricultural Rates Act of 1896 shall have expired, so as to give opportunity for the reconsideration of the policy of doles; to exclude the poor rate, once a charge on tithe; and to exclude Wales from the operation of the Bill. Of course the debates on all were cut short by the closure, and the Bill was rushed through to avoid Report stage. The debate was generally damaging to the Government, and their majorities fell considerably below the normal amount.

The St. Pancras Election took place on Wednesday, and resulted in the return of Mr. Wrightson, the Conservative, by 2,610 votes to 2,423 given to Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, the Liberal candidate. The Tory majority has fallen off by 102 votes as compared with 1895, but the figures and the strength of parties have not fluctuated very much except in 1886. Mr. Costelloe's Catholicism possibly told against his chance of success, though it has never hitherto weakened his Liberalism; and the disturbances at certain Tory meetings, which were not the fault of the Liberal workers, seem to have been also a factor in the result. The political apathy of London did the rest. The result has been received by the Ministerialists with an evident feeling of profound relief.

Only one political speech of any importance appears to have been delivered outside Parliament during the week. It was made by Mr. Asquith at the Yorkshire dinner of the National Liberal Club on Wednesday evening, and was an effective exposition of the domestic political situation. Mr. Asquith pointed out that the Ministry was now losing the support of the town population, because it had done nothing for social reform except pass the Small Houses Bill. Mr. Robson's Half-Timers Bill had had the support of Sir John Gorst, but the rest of the Government had regarded it with ostentatious indifference. The Factory Bill and a Petroleum Bill had been kept out for want of time, and yet the Tithes Rating Bill had been sprung on the House and the country. This Bill, he intimated, would complete the urban revolt, and, from a purely party standpoint, it was a great piece of good fortune for the Liberals.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday last reviewed the Metropolitan Volunteers on the Horse Guards Parade. The weather was exquisitely fine, and the Review, in all respects but one, was a complete success. The only drawback arose from the fact that the site was so confined that the number of spectators was limited. Rather more than 26,000 Volunteers were present, and the march-past was carried out with admirable precision, the marching being quite equal to that of most line regiments. The arrangements for the assemblage of the different corps were excellent, and no casualties occurred, in spite of the almost overpowering heat.

The Report of the Committee on the Indian currency question, which has been sitting under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Fowler for more than a year past, was issued on Monday. The Committee report unanimously and strongly in favour of a gold standard, and they give their reasons for hoping that such a standard may in time be established in India. They recommend that the British sovereign shall be made legal tender in India, and that the Indian mints shall be opened for the coinage of gold. They do not believe that the habit of hoarding will lead the natives to withdraw gold from circulation to such an extent as has been suggested. Two members of the Committee have signed a declaration in favour of fixing the legal value of the rupee at 1s. 3d., but the rest of the Committee are in favour of fixing it at 1s. 4d.

Speaking at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference last Wednesday, the first day of its session, the Primate dwelt on the danger revealed by the Church crisis of a disruption of the Church of England. Thirty years ago, he told his audience, a High Church paper had expressed its desire that the Low Church party should "cease to exist and get rid of their mischievous opinions." At present the danger was that the Low Church party would try to drive out the High Churchmen; and he pleaded earnestly for the retention of the traditional comprehensiveness of the Church. Later in the day he took occasion to say that he did not fear disestablishment or disendowment, but he did fear disruption, and those who brought it about would be guilty of the very heaviest sin. No doubt any such disruption would be a grave calamity to the Church of England, in which opposite opinions are connected by a series of infinitesimal differences, but it may be noted that disruptions do not seem to occur in the voluntary Churches which have sprung from it. The Irish Episcopal Church did not break up over its new Prayer-book; the American Episcopal Church, like the English, has seen a dissentient Evangelical Episcopal Church arise beside it—we believe more than once—but the secessions were of even less importance than the "Free Church of England." Ritualism is even more active there than here, owing to the familiar American tendency to adopt and exaggerate all the latest European fashions. Yet both parties keep together somehow. In Natal, the High Churchmen, aided by the Bishop of Capetown, revolted against Bishop Colenso, who was "Established" by Crown authority, and set up a Bishop of their own, but the schism was quietly healed soon after Bishop Colenso's death. But the

The London and North-Western Railway announces fast trains, designed for the comfort of tourists and families, for the Welsh holiday resorts and the English Lakes District. Arrangements for the collection and delivery of passengers' luggage are made in connection with these services.

The Summer train services of the Midland Railway to the Peak District, the Yorkshire Coast, and the Lakes have been much expedited, and new corridor and dining carriages are run on many trains. Cheap excursion and tourist ticket arrangements are also announced in our advertising columns.

Royal Supremacy, used by people who have the real grievance that they possess rights in their Parish Church and cannot get them enforced, might easily produce the disruption the Archbishop fears. Yet it is the essence of Establishment.

ABROAD.

THE amended proposals for the extension of the franchise to the Uitlanders in the Transvaal which are the outcome of the mediation of the Orange Free State and Mr. Hofmeyr have been before the world since the beginning of the week. They have also been revised by the Volksraad, which has, apparently, introduced a property qualification for naturalisation from which only "agriculturalists and stockbreeders" are exempt—an exaltation of the value of an agricultural population which recalls the publicists of ancient Greece. So far as we can summarise the result in a sentence, persons domiciled up to 1892 inclusive will get the franchise six months after the law passes; persons domiciled since will get it after seven years' domicile, but in both cases six months' notice must have been given of their claim. Persons naturalised for two years past will get the franchise, by giving notice, in five years more. Newcomers will get the franchise seven years after their arrival, provided they have declared their intention, on their arrival, to apply for it—which must shut out a good many. The absurd restriction of the franchise to those immigrants who have had full political rights at home is abolished, and the children of immigrants, if they have been born in the Transvaal, will be enfranchised on coming of age—which is, we believe, the rule in the United States. The proposals are not adequate, but compromises seldom are, and they are an immense advance on President Kruger's earlier offers. Their first result has been to intensify the division between the English and Dutch at the Cape. They are strongly backed by Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Hofmeyr, strongly condemned by Sir J. Gordon Sprigg and the mass of the English population in South Africa. The latter seem to tend to pit the High Commissioner against the Cape Premier, and the situation is still disquieting—less, however, in view of our difference with the Transvaal than as regards the future of South Africa as a whole.

THE Peace Conference, which will probably adjourn towards the end of the month, will have sufficiently justified its existence by the completion of the elaborate scheme of mediation and arbitration which has now been referred to the consideration of the Governments represented. The scheme provides for mediation before war, either by one Power or by two severally acting as the friends of one or other disputant; for elucidation of the questions in dispute by International Commissioners of Inquiry appointed *ad hoc*; and for the constitution of a permanent tribunal of arbitration, composed of eminent jurists, nominated by the Powers, severally or jointly, from among whom the arbitrators on any special occasion will generally, but not of necessity, be selected, and as to whose procedure careful rules are laid down. We are ready, of course, to hear the Conference stigmatised as a failure because it has not effected its main object, and its arbitration scheme need not be availed of unless the disputants please. But it will save a vast deal of time and trouble in the smaller disputes to have the tribunal provided and its procedure settled. And the provisions for mediation will, though they are not to interrupt mobilisation, give time for reflection also. The Press will be able to blow off its steam, and the financiers to reflect. The small Powers, like Greece or the Balkan States, will have to go to the Court whether they like it or not. For the greater we must trust to the enlightened public opinion of Europe.

THE most important point in the remaining sittings—apart from the endorsement of this scheme, the new rules of war, and the marine Red Cross code—will be the question of future Conferences to take up the unfinished parts of the immense task laid down by the Russian Rescript. Several leading delegates have advocated a resolution in this sense, and at least one of the sectional committees has formally recommended such a course. The official reports of the Conference will be looked forward to with interest, not only for details of the deliberations, but especially for reliable notes of some of the more striking speeches delivered during the Committee stage. For instance, there was what has been described as a "magnificent oratorical debate" between the Kaiser's champion, Colonel von Schwarzhoff, and M. Léon Bourgeois, the French Radical leader, on the proposal for a limitation of armaments. In the same Section striking speeches were made in favour of the idea by General Den Beer Poortugael (Holland), Baron de Bildt (Sweden and Norway), and M. Stancioff (Bulgaria), as well as by the Russian delegates, who seem to have shown rather more eloquence and earnestness than statesmanship. The Bulgarian challenge to "neighbouring States" brought M. Mijatovich—an old contributor to THE SPEAKER, by the way—to his feet with a pacific declaration on behalf of Servia, while M. Delyannis regretfully declared that after her defeat Greece could not stay her work of reorganisation. Of course the Unspeakable Turk "lay low and said nuffin."

THE immediate prospect in France is somewhat brighter for the friends of the Republic. General Gallifet is restoring discipline in the army, certainly without undue severity; General Zurlinden has ceased to be Governor of Paris, but he is to have the next command of an army corps that falls vacant, probably at Bordeaux (we hope not, for that city is a stronghold of adversaries of the Republic, and it is a pity to send them an idol); and he is succeeded by General de Brugère, who seems to have a good record. The shocking tortures to which Captain Dreyfus was subjected in his prison are also gradually becoming known, and producing their due effect on public opinion; and the excuses offered for his own share in them by M. André Lebon, sometime Minister for the Colonies, are not merely ineffective but ridiculous. The supply of patriotic scares seems to have run short, unless the announcement that the late Signor Ressmann's papers have been seized to suppress evidence against Dreyfus may be counted as one; and this is balanced by a Dreyfusite theory that they were seized to prevent the insertion of forged evidence against him among them. Moreover, the Royalists have revealed their own impotence once more by the publication, in the *Gazette de France*, of the particulars of their last plot at President Faure's funeral. All these are hopeful elements in the situation. The danger, as we point out elsewhere, is in the discontent of the Moderate Republicans and its exploitation by M. Méline, who seems to hope to be brought back to office by the army and the upper middle class—both of them very insecure foundations for the Republic.

THE interchange of civilities between the German Emperor and President Loubet, *à propos* of the visit paid by the former to the French training ship *Iphigénie* at Bergen, has naturally fluttered the amateur diplomatists of Continental Europe. The

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French Nationalists are angry, the German papers calmly satisfied, the Russian rather disquieted, but inclined — with some other Continental papers —to seek consolation in the hope that a Franco-German *rapprochement* will check the efforts of England to disturb the peace by Anglo-American "alliances" and otherwise. But it is clear that the incident cannot mean much. It is notable, perhaps, that the Kaiser went aboard the *Iphigénie* by invitation, but the invitation was quite natural; and that potentate commonly exaggerates the significance of his own actions, and likes to be picturesquely courteous on occasion. It is true, also, that the Franco-Russian alliance has rather lost its earlier charms in both countries, but then German policy is of necessity that of "reinsurance." Still, the significance of the actions of Sovereigns, even of the Kaiser, is always liable to be overestimated. At most, the incident means that the Kaiser would like to make the Exhibition an occasion for revisiting Paris, which he has not seen since he spent some time there incognito during the Exhibition of 1878.

THE German Emperor does not seem to be daunted by the unfavourable reception given by the Reichstag to the so-called Penal Servitude or Anti-Strikers Bill. His letter to his old tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, promising a statue of Frederick the Great to the town of Bielefeld, closes with the intimation that, as in his ancestor so in himself, there lives "the inflexible determination to proceed on the path that has once been recognised as the right one, and to do this in spite of all opposition." Now, it was in Bielefeld that the Bill in question was first foreshadowed, in June, 1897. However, the Reichstag certainly will not pass it, and another Reichstag would probably be less favourable still. But the possibility of a conflict between the Imperial will and the Reichstag is not set aside by drawing distinctions—in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court at Leipzig just rendered—between the Emperor's private opinion and his opinion as head of the empire. The Federal Council, no doubt, will decide whether the Bill shall be pressed on the Reichstag; but the majority in the Federal Council is controlled by Prussia, and the Prussian Executive, in this matter, will readily submit itself to be controlled by the Emperor. No doubt, however, the minority in the Federal Council will do its best to prevent a conflict with the representatives of the people. It is believed, indeed, that it was its desire to avoid such a conflict that prevented the Bill from making its appearance earlier.

THE lull in the storm in Belgium has permitted two facts to become visible—first, that the Clericals are still greatly divided on the question of proportional representation; secondly, that the issue is likely to be complicated with that of the introduction of universal and compulsory military service, which the King and the Liberals openly favoured in 1897 and the Clericals strongly oppose, partly on economic grounds and partly because of its effect on public morals. General Brialmont, than whom no Belgian ranks higher as a military expert, has just published a manifesto on the subject which he had intended to issue in case the recent crisis produced a dissolution of the Chambers. He declares that the neutrality of Belgium, though guaranteed by treaty, would not be maintained by the contracting Powers in a Franco-German war; and that, if either belligerent repudiated all desire for annexation, and promised to compensate the inhabitants for the violation of their territory, England would not merely not intervene, but would not even protest. He quotes Lord Wolseley and Sir Charles Dilke to show that British troops could not be ready in time to act effectively, and concludes that Belgium needs an available force of 246,000 men—the only guarantee against invasion. The alliance of the Opposition parties is now secured; but if this question is pressed, we imagine that it will be endangered again as the first consequence.

EARLY in the week there were rumours of a grave Ministerial crisis in Spain. The Premier and the Finance Minister, it was said, were anxious to reduce expenditure in view of the recent demonstrations in the provinces against the contemplated increase of taxation; the Ministers of War, Marine, and Public Works were reluctant to reduce their estimates; and they were besides much more reactionary than their colleagues in their views on the way to deal with the disturbances of last week. The remnants of the old Conservative party, under Señor Romero Robledo and General Weyler, were preparing to obstruct the Government measures, and the indications pointed to a reactionary Ministry under Marshal Campos and the Duke of Tetuan. However, Señor Sagasta and the Liberals have discouraged the obstructionist campaign of their incongruous allies, the Address has been passed, the minorities have been conciliated, and the demands of the War Department are believed to be shelved. And so Spain has a respite from disaster.

THE attempt to assassinate the ex-King Milan of Servia may or may not have been the outcome of an elaborate Panslavist and Russophil plot, engineered from Montenegrin territory and undertaken in favour of the Karageorgevitch pretenders. Certainly the Russophil Radicals, who are very much the largest part of the population, have every reason to desire to get rid of the ex-King and the present *régime*. But unless King Milan can rely on the army, it is hardly politic to attempt to terrorise his adversaries. If he can, he seems likely to reduce Servia to the level, say, of Paraguay under Lopez, and then Russia will have to intervene. As it is, he has arrested ex-ministers, deputies, officials, and other prominent people, and has recalled, and dismissed from the army, General Gruitch, the Servian Minister at St. Petersburg, who is a *persona grata* to the Czar. The danger of the situation is quite appreciated in Vienna, and Austria-Hungary has her hands far too full to support the Servian Government against Russian intervention, as she might have done ten years ago. But since then the whole situation in the Balkans has altered, and the Russo-Austrian rivalries there have passed into abeyance. King Milan's action bids fair to revive them, only it finds Austria unable and unwilling to act.

THE most interesting news from the Philippines this week is that peaceful negotiations are being opened between the Sultan of the Jolo or Sulu archipelago and the American conquerors. The Sulu State is Mohammedan and militant, and the present is the first occasion on which the United States have been brought into relations other than those of ordinary diplomacy with any Mohammedan Power since their war with the Dey of Algiers in 1815. The Sultan, who has regarded himself as restored to independence by the fall of the Spanish power, is to be told politely that the United States is his suzerain, and is to be conciliated, subsidised, and retained in his Sultanate on condition of keeping order and flying the American flag. In Luzon the prospect is more favourable. The reports from Tarlac in the Pampanga country northward, and from the Cavite district south-east of Manila, point to an early collapse of the Filipino resistance. To aid it, the United States are organising a force of cavalry in the islands; but Western men are big and Filipino horses small, and so the horses must be got

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

from home. It remains to be seen whether they will stand the climate any better than their riders.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE rising art of library management, a product wholly of the present century and almost entirely of its fourth quarter, receives a good deal of interesting elucidation in the new volume contributed to the Library Series (George Allen) by its editor, Dr. Garnett. "Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography" tells us much, in a pleasant way, about the art of cataloguing, with historical illustrations of how it should and should not be done; about the forms of catalogue, the most serviceable bindings (only at the Antipodes, it seems, are sheep now allowed to live long enough to produce skins of the toughness requisite for the binder's purpose); about subject indexes; the protection of libraries from fire; and much besides, including a great deal of bibliographical detail of a very interesting kind. Dr. Garnett hopes specially for two improvements in library management: the use of photography to reproduce books or parts of books not easily reproducible otherwise, but in frequent demand, and telegraphic communication between the readers' desks and the officials who fetch them books. The only objection we see to the latter is that some British Museum students would thus be deprived of nearly all their walking exercise.

MR. JOHN LONG is publishing "In the Dark," by Esmè Stuart, a story of an Englishman extricated by the devotion of a woman from an entanglement with a secret society abroad.—Mr. Fisher Unwin announces a volume of addresses by Dr. D. C. Gilman, the President of Johns Hopkins University, on "University Problems in the United States."

THE production of *Le Châlet* on Saturday last was not attended by the success that had been anticipated. Adolphe Adam was one of the least melodious of French composers; and he is as inferior to Auber, Hérolt, and Boieldieu as mere rhythmical, tuneless clatter is to genuine music. One or two critics speak of *Le Châlet* as "a clatter." But age alone does not give dignity to a work; and the antiquity of Adolphe Adam's harmless little operetta shows itself chiefly in the old-fashioned character of its strains. The piece is based on a very interesting little story, and the songs introduced by the composer enliven it, but without giving it one touch of poetry, one atom of charm. If the Covent Garden management wants a new one-act opera to play with the two-act opera *I Pagliacci*, why does it not produce Donizetti's setting of this same *Châlet?*—a delightful work worthy of being ranked with the same composer's *Elixir of Love*, *Don Pasquale*, and *The Daughter of the Regiment*. In Donizetti's setting of *Le Châlet*, entitled "Betly," there is one air—the Tyrolienne, associated with the memory of Madame Albani—which is worth more than all the music that Adolphe Adam ever composed; and he was a most prolific writer.

THAT *Le Châlet* was well executed at Covent Garden is quite undeniable. M. Plançon as Betly's unrecognised military brother was especially good; and Betly herself found a clever and interesting representative in Mdlle. Leclerc. The third character, Daniel, was impersonated by another French artist, M. Cazeneuve; and all three entered thoroughly into the spirit of the work. But, apart from the feebleness and commonplace character of the music—which, often vivacious, is never beautiful—the work contains so much spoken dialogue that it suggests a vaudeville or a comedy with songs rather than what is usually called an opera. Covent Garden, again, furnishes too large a frame for so small a picture. The Paris Opéra Comique, where *Le Châlet* was produced sixty-five years ago, plays now many of the works included in the repertory of Covent Garden—such as *La Cavalleria Rusticana*, *La Bohême*, and, above all, *Carmen*. That, however, constitutes no reason why we should go to the Opéra Comique for works which it has long ceased to play, and which are at once too antiquated and too trivial for the present day.

OBITUARY.

THE Grand Duke George of Russia, better known as the Cesarevitch, had been little heard of by the world for many years past save in connection with the efforts made to save him from consumption. A cycle accident has now killed him. He was reputed an excellent and amiable Prince.—Cardinal Teodolfo Mertel had framed a Constitution for the Papal States during the Revolution of 1848, and had been the Papal Minister of the Interior some years later. He had reached the age of ninety-four.—The Duchess of Rutland had been conspicuous for her cordial support of temperance and social reforms.—Signor Ressmann, who was born at Trieste, had taken part in the rising against the Austrians in Venetia in 1848 while he was still a student at Padua. Naturalised in the kingdom of Sardinia in 1860, he had entered its diplomatic service, and had spent the most important part of his career in France. He was deprived of his post as Ambassador to France by Signor Crispi in January, 1895—it was stated because he was unable to check the attacks of the French Press on the Italian Government.—Herr von Achenbach, Chief President of the Province of Brandenburg, had played an important, if a secondary, part in Prussian political life. He had been Minister of Commerce when the railways were transferred to the State; he had been got rid of by Prince Bismarck ("Ach! before and Ach! behind him" was that Minister's expressive description of his own view of his subordinate); and he enjoyed in a special degree the confidence of the present Emperor, whose instrument he is supposed to have been in the dispute still in progress between the Provincial Government and the municipality of Berlin.—Dr. Richard Congreve, long the chief of the English Comtists, had remained faithful to the most ecclesiastical portions of his master's system. He had done some service to students by his publication of what was long the standard English edition of Aristotle's "Politics," and by various historical and political works. On philosophical grounds he was a decided adversary of imperialism and expansion.—M. Albert Grévy, life Senator since 1880 and brother of the ex-President of the French Republic, had been Governor of Algeria from 1879 to 1881, and may be counted as its first civil governor.

MAKING FOR PEACE.

IF wisdom and good feeling are to control the policy of this country there ought no longer to be any reason to fear an outbreak of war in South Africa. President Kruger is an obstinate man, filled with suspicion and dislike towards the British Government. But he has been compelled, by the pressure put upon him by his friends, to make some concessions to the demand that justice shall be done to the Uitlanders of the Transvaal. Regarding the exact value of those concessions differences of opinion still prevail. We trust that when they are fully explained to us they will be found to bear out the most liberal interpretation that has been put upon them. But everybody admits that the President's new proposals constitute a real advance upon the position which he took up at Bloemfontein, and some authorities of weight declare that he has

practically conceded nearly everything which Sir Alfred Milner demanded. This being the case, we cannot imagine that her Majesty's Ministers will insist upon forcing matters to an extremity and endangering the peace of South Africa merely in order that they may claim to have obtained everything for which Sir Alfred Milner asked in their name. If the whole question at issue between the Boers and the British is reduced to one of a few months, or a year or two, during which the process of enfranchising the Uitlanders is to remain in abeyance, the absurdity of attempting to find in such a difference a *casus belli* must be apparent to everybody. The civilised world would naturally laugh at a nation that went to war about such an issue as this. It would not only laugh at us, however. It would suspect us of having seized upon a trumpery pretext in order to secure some end which we were ashamed openly to avow. We trust that this crucial fact will be borne in mind by the representatives of the war party in this country. They must admit as freely as everybody else does that there can be no real occasion or justification for war in the question of the franchise now that President Kruger has been induced to reduce that question to a mere difference of a few months. Yet some of them still talk of war as being not only possible but even desirable. That will seem to outsiders to prove that we are going to fight not to secure the redress of the admitted grievances of the Uitlanders, but for some other purpose. We should be sorry to believe that this was the case, and yet there are significant indications that we have amongst us those who wish that it were true, and who will hardly shrink from making it into truth if by any means they can do so. We are told that Majuba Hill must be avenged. This, we need hardly say, is talk as wild and wicked as the cry of the silly "Liberal Forward" who called for "three cheers for Majuba Hill" at the recent meeting of his party in the Holborn Town Hall, and who thereby did his utmost to strengthen the war party in this country. Fortunately it is only the very foolish who either wish to "avenge" Majuba Hill or to rejoice over that painful but not discreditable incident in our history. There is, however, another and much more dangerous class amongst us. This is composed of the men who believe that the Transvaal ought once more to become British territory, not for the sake of prestige, but for the sake of dominion and of gold. They look upon our quarrel with Kruger as one in which is involved the whole question of British supremacy in South Africa, and at the same time they openly covet a land which possesses the wonderful natural wealth of the Randt. These are the men who are most likely to bring about a war, if war is still possible, and this is their real purpose.

We cannot believe that this party has the sympathy or support of any considerable number of politicians in either party. We should be slow to believe that Mr. Chamberlain himself approves of their policy. But even if the Colonial Secretary were inspired by a desire for war, not for the redress of the grievances of the Uitlanders, but for the reconquest of the Transvaal, we are convinced that he has not got the country at his back. That English opinion is not in the main favourable to President Kruger and the Boer Government will be generally conceded. For that fact Mr. Kruger can only blame himself. If he had been a wiser man he would not, by his obstinacy and his narrow-minded bitterness, have aroused the resentment of all friends of justice and progress throughout the world. But although public opinion is distinctly adverse to him on the question of the Uitlanders, and will continue to be adverse until he does justice, it is not true that any but a small party in this country covet the Transvaal or desire to wipe out its independence. That party hopes that Mr. Kruger, by his obstinate refusal to grant necessary reforms, will play into their hands, and thus enable them to carry out their objects. But when the country once realises that there is no longer anything worth fighting about in the question of the franchise, it will certainly not tolerate a war for the reconquest of the Transvaal. There is another point, the realisation of which must make for peace. That is, that a large number of the people of South Africa, who were anxious to see justice done to the Uitlanders, do not think that there is now any reason or excuse for resorting to force in order to make Mr. Kruger yield something more. These men include all the leaders of the loyal section of the Afrikanders, and some men like Sir James Sivewright, who have never been regarded as sympathisers with Afrikander sentiments. It follows that if the war party here were to secure the ascendancy, the war into which they would plunge us would not be war against the Transvaal alone, but war against a large proportion of the Queen's subjects in Cape Colony and elsewhere. Now that this fact has been established, we cannot believe that the fever of aggressiveness will be allowed to rise higher than it has already done. Sensible people in this country, including, we trust, a majority of the present Cabinet, will recognise the substantial character of the concessions now made by Mr. Kruger, and, whilst doing all in their power to make those concessions still more satisfactory, will steadily refuse to allow themselves to be drawn into a war for which no sufficient reason can be alleged, and which would end in a fratricidal struggle between the two races of white men in South Africa.

DEVELOPMENT IN IRELAND.

THE House of Commons was engaged on Wednesday week in passing with remarkable unanimity the second reading of an Irish Bill which we may one day have to copy here in England. It would be a strange instance of historic irony if this country had to turn for ideas on economic administration to Ireland—to that ill-starred step-sister whom, in the supposed interests of our own industries, we systematically reduced to economic anarchy. Yet it is not at all unlikely that we may have to do this. While those who think about the condition of agriculture in Great Britain are in despair, and unable to suggest a remedy, people in Ireland have been for some years past applying what promises to be a fruitful means of reviving the agricultural industry, and have been propagating ideas on the subject which have at last compelled the attention of Parliament. It is probably by co-operation alone, allied with the highest technical skill, that the farmers of these islands will be able to make their industry pay; and to help them to acquire that skill and to secure for their produce fair play as against their competitors in the market, such departments of government as this new Irish Bill proposes to establish appear to be now an absolute necessity. The institution which the Bill creates is a Department of Agriculture and Technical Education. For the first time in British administration, so far as we know, the principle of popular representation is introduced into the machinery of a Government department. A Board, which is entrusted with the power of the purse, is virtually placed in control of the department; and this Board is to consist of two-thirds of members elected virtually by the Irish county councils. That is to say, the county councils

and certain agricultural and industrial societies elect between them a Consultative Council, and this body nominates two-thirds of the members of the Board. This is a notable stride in representative control and representative advice for administrative work. The method is copied from the similar departments of government in certain Continental countries, where it is believed to be the chief means of securing the great efficiency which this class of administration has attained on the Continent within the last twenty or thirty years. A trace of the idea has found its way into the minds of our own legislators in England; for, it may be remembered, the Royal Commission on Secondary Education recommended with great emphasis the establishment of a Consultative Council of Education in connection with the reformed Board which they suggested in their Report, and this principle is embodied in the Secondary Education Bill now before Parliament. But the Irishmen have gone ahead of us in this matter, and seem likely to be beforehand in getting their reforms into law.

They probably owe this result to the great advance which Ireland has been making in recent years towards the formation of a broad-minded and well-informed public opinion. They were not content with an official Royal Commission studying the question for them and issuing a report in a Blue Book. It may be said that they studied it for themselves: in other words, a voluntary body of very representative Irishmen of different politics undertook the study of the economic situation of their country, and on their own initiative and at their own expense produced a notable book, which appears to have been exercising a profound influence upon the progress of economic thought in Ireland ever since. We allude, of course, to the Recess Committee and its work. That this work has been exercising an influence outside Ireland itself is interestingly shown by what is going on just now in the Isle of Man, where the House of Keys, taking the Recess Committee's report for its text, has appointed a Commission to conduct a similar inquiry into the best means of developing the agricultural and industrial resources of Manxland. The Bill now before the House is hardly other than an embodiment of the recommendations of the Recess Committee. Mr. Gerald Balfour has the distinction, as Chief Secretary, of divining the value of advice tendered in this manner to Government by Irishmen, irrespective of party, and of making that advice his guide in shaping Irish legislation. It is a tribute to his sagacity in adopting this course, and an illustration of the developed public opinion to which we allude, that his measure has met with a warm reception from Irish members of every party, and has been hailed with ungrudging approval by the Irish Press of every political hue. It is true that one or two members, including Mr. Dillon, have spoken of the measure in a very critical temper; but even these gentlemen declared their approval of its object and its main principles. The general effect of the debate on the second reading of the Bill last week was to astonish the House with the spectacle of almost unprecedented unanimity amongst Irish members; and there is now a practical certainty of the recommendations which the Recess Committee published four years ago becoming law this Session. The whole achievement, if it comes off, will be a testimony to the excellent influence which a disinterested and far-seeing Irishman, Mr. Horace Plunkett—who in his public career has managed to divest himself to a singular degree of the qualities of the party politician—has been able to exercise upon the minds of his fellow-countrymen. It is to him, as is well known, the double initiative is due: the initiative of greater preoccupation with the economic problems of Ireland, and the initiative of seeking for common action amongst Irishmen of different parties in favour of reforms upon which they can agree.

The question may be asked how Liberals look upon these new developments of thought and action in Ireland which a Unionist Government is wisely favouring. The answer is that they look upon them with the utmost satisfaction. It is not now for the first time that we signalise these developments. For some years past the symptoms of them have been noted from time to time in the columns of The Speaker. The policy pursued by Mr. Gerald Balfour is like that of most of the useful actions of the Conservative Government, a Liberal policy in the true sense. The present Irish Bill is but the corollary and supplement of the Local Government Bill of last Session, and the Local Government Bill is Liberalism pure and simple. It is our firm belief that the more Ireland is enabled to advance on these lines the more certain and safe is her progress to that complete system of self-government which Mr. Gladstone declared to be as much a necessity for her as it is her right. Each such advance, as we ventured to say when the Local Government Act was passed, is both a preparation in self-government for her people and an opportunity to press more effectually their legitimate claim. When the turn next comes—and the hour is not now very far off—for the Liberal party again to assume the reins of power, the more work of this kind that will have been done in the interval, the easier it will be for a Liberal Government to solve the Irish Question in a manner which will truly secure, not endanger, the integrity of the empire, which will satisfy the Irish people, and which will be an honourable fulfilment of the pledges of the Liberal party. If this development continues, we may count on completing this task with the co-operation of a Conservative Opposition.

THE TITHE BILL.

THE discussion on the Committee stage of the Tithe Bill, shortened though it has been by the unjustifiable use of the closure, has been sufficient to expose the hollowness of the pretences which the Government have urged in support of their miserable measure. The first pretence was that this was a just measure of rating reform, altogether apart from the uses to which tithe is devoted by law. This is based on the notion that tithe is in the nature of personal property, and altogether indistinguishable as a matter of principle from interest on a mortgage. Theoretically, if we were starting afresh, this might be arguable. As a matter of fact, teinds in Scotland are personalty, and are not rateable. Those who know the history of local taxation are well aware that there was a good deal of accident about the line at which the distinction was drawn between rateable and non-rateable property. But the tithe has now been rated for many years, and the commutation payments were fixed on this basis. It cannot now be altered without results which were never contemplated when the amount was fixed. But if a mistake was made, and tithe should not have been rated at its full value, clearly the same measure of relief should have been given to the lay impropriator. This, for obvious reasons, the Government refused to do.

Driven from this pretence, Mr. Balfour urged that the clerical tithe should not be rated at its full value because it is a payment for services, and

should be treated as other professional incomes are. This is a plausible theory at first sight; but when we come to look at it a little closer it proves equally unsound. The payment for services is the nett product of the tithe—that is to say, the gross sum less the annual outgoings. There is no distinction of principle between tithes devoted to religious purposes and lands devoted to educational or religious purposes. Take the income of an Oxford college. It will be made up of tithes, rated at their full value, and lands, also rated and the rate taken into account in fixing the rent. The revenue divisible among the Fellows in payment for their services is the nett revenue. The clergyman is in precisely the same position save for the confusion which naturally arises in the non-legal mind from the contemplation of a Corporation sale. If any of the Nonconformist bodies have, as many must have, revenue derived from land, they have precisely the same ground of exemption as the clergy. If it be urged that they only bought the land as other purchasers might have done, it may be answered that the tithe which bears rates in full in lay hands is to cease to pay rates in full if at any future day it passes into clerical keeping. An amendment to prevent this curious result was rejected.

Some of the supporters of the Bill took what we conceive to be the more intellectually honest ground of putting it forward frankly as a concession to the poverty of the clergy. If the Bill had been merely a means of augmenting the smaller benefices we believe that the opposition to it might have been much less widespread. People are sorry for the country parsons, and many who have no definite religious views would not object to paying a few shillings of additional rates to help them. There is no doubt that the fall in the value of both glebe and tithe has made it very difficult to maintain the services of the Church without further sources of income. The classes from whom the country clergymen might expect aid are lavish in personal expenditure but are deficient in the sense of spiritual need. The squire and the parson frequently subscribe to the voluntary school for fear of a school rate, and have exhausted their generosity in this single effort. Thus the lot of the poor parson is not cast in pleasant places, and a Bill for his relief alone, however objectionable on general grounds of Liberal principle, might not have excited much animosity. But the Government expressly refused to confine the relief to clergymen with less than £200 a year, or to clergymen who have had their incomes diminished by the necessary employment of curates. All are to receive the benefit, the rich and neglectful as readily as the poor and active.

But perhaps the most damning part of the discussion was that as to the incidence of the new charge. Logically, if the valuation of tithes for rating purposes was too high, the remedy would have been to reduce the valuation. But this the Government refused to do. Why? Because, they frankly admitted, it would have been unpopular. The Government know the squire and the farmer, and think they would object to an increase of their rates even for so good an object, even though the parson's chief legitimate ground of complaint is that the burden of rates on tithe has been increased by the Agricultural Rating Act. The second possible course would have been to throw the burden on the general taxpayer. But to this Sir Michael Hicks-Beach objected. So the Bill proposes to avoid the Exchequer and the parochial ratepayer, and take the money out of the Local Taxation Account. The result will be in most counties to diminish the amount available therein for technical education, just when the reorganisation of our central educational machinery renders it probable that this money would be hereafter more usefully spent. As for the London protest, we confess we are not specially moved by it. Londoners can afford to pay better than most other people for Tory luxuries, and London is almost the only county where the whole of the grant under the Act of 1890 is not devoted to educational purposes. In London the effect of the Bill will be directly to increase rates, and this is perhaps the best thing, from the party point of view, which could possibly happen.

A GOLD STANDARD FOR INDIA.

THE Committee on Indian Currency, of which Sir Henry Fowler was Chairman, have issued a strong and, in its main principles, a unanimous Report. Two sentences explain its practical Recommendations. "We are in favour," say the Committee, "of making the British sovereign a legal tender and a current coin in India. We also consider that at the same time the Indian mints should be thrown open to the unrestricted coinage of gold on terms and conditions such as govern the three Australian branches of the Royal Mint." Action must be taken upon this Report. The Secretary of State for India expressly referred the matter to Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Francis Mowatt, Sir David Barbour, and the other able men who sat with them. He did so for practical purposes, for the Government of India were persuaded that something must be done. The closure of the Indian mints to silver in 1893 could only be justified as a temporary measure. It succeeded in its object, which was to arrest the fall of the rupee, which has since slightly risen in value. But silver is at present the standard in British India, and the currency is silver. The mints of no country could be permanently shut against the metal which constitutes the current coin. The Chancellor of the Exchequer takes silver bullion when he wants it, and refuses it when he has enough already. Gold bullion he must take, and coin it, because nobody else can coin money without committing a felony. The greatest financier of the age was at the head of the Government in 1893, and we may be sure that Mr. Gladstone would never have consented to let the Indian Mints be closed except as the first step towards the adoption of a gold standard. In the opinion of many high authorities the completion of this policy has been too long delayed. The publication of the Report will be welcome to all who desire the solid establishment of Indian finance.

A gold standard needs no other defence than the continuous and successful experience of the mercantile world. But if anyone wants to see the arguments in its favour stated with the utmost possible clearness and simplicity let him turn to Mr. Gladstone's speech in the House of Commons six years ago on the subject of bimetallism. We hear little of bimetallism. Good trade is the most effective remedy for financial crazes and delusions. The next Presidential election in the United States may revive the controversy, for Mr. Bryan is still active. But in England it appears to be dead. The Committee, confining themselves, of course, to India, point out as an additional reason in the case of that country that four-fifths of India's trade is transacted with countries which have a gold standard themselves. Indeed, the only other courses which the Indian Government could adopt are bimetallism and the retention of a silver standard. Bimetallism is not to be thought of, and a silver standard has

broken down. Then comes the question whether a gold standard should be accompanied by a gold currency. Some witnesses who gave evidence before the Committee, especially Mr. Lindsay, contended with much ingenuity that one did not imply the other, and that values might be measured in gold without the necessity for a gold coinage. It would be rash to deny the theoretical possibility of such an arrangement. Considering the enormous amount of business transacted every day in the City of London without the employment of a single sovereign, we can hardly affirm that a gold currency is the essence, or even an inseparable accident, of a gold coinage. But most economists and nearly all merchants will agree with the Committee in thinking that the proper foundation for a gold standard is actual gold. Credit is all very well, and the credit of the Indian Government is high. But there is nothing which inspires confidence like the British sovereign.

The Committee do not recommend that silver shall cease to be a legal tender in India. It is so in France, where the five-franc piece may be tendered to any amount, in the United States, and practically in Germany, although the standard of all three countries is gold. This is the part of the Report which seems likely to provoke hostile criticism. In England a shilling is merely a token coin, and the real value of twenty shillings estimated in gold is about eight and sixpence. The convertibility of silver, and its limitation as a discharge of debt to forty shillings, are with us settled maxims of commerce. But in India the practical conditions are wholly different. The monetary transactions of the people are there so small that among the masses of the natives gold would never be required, and indeed it is rarely seen in Italy. If, therefore, the stability of the currency is assured by a gold standard, the Committee hold that the rupee may safely be made legal tender without any restriction. Against the proposal of the Indian Government to obtain the required stock of gold by borrowing, the Committee emphatically protest, and no wonder. For a more ominous method of beginning a new chapter in finance could hardly be imagined. It is not believed that there will be any real difficulties in accumulating as much gold as may be wanted. Already it is coming in in anticipation of the change, and a gold currency would rather discourage than otherwise the hoarding propensities of the natives. Moreover, witnesses of high commercial standing and repute expressed a strong opinion that a gold standard would have the immediate effect of attracting British capital to India. Finally the Committee propose to fix the value of the rupee at 1s. 4d., where it now stands. The alternative of reducing it to 1s. 3d. was considered and rejected. How, if it is to continue a legal tender, its value can be prevented from fluctuating with the rates of supply and demand, they do not explain.

THE NEXT DANGER IN FRANCE.

FOR the moment France is quiet, and the political prospect continues to improve. The Chamber has adjourned until the autumn; till then there can be no more interpellations, no noisy scenes, no stabs in the back dealt at the Ministry by its own nominal supporters, no crises on points of subsidiary importance like that which was threatened over the minimum wage for workmen under Government contracts on the very day of the adjournment last week. The gradual revelations of the shocking treatment experienced by Captain Dreyfus in the Devil's Island—his deprivation of air and light, his excruciating fetters, nightly renewing the sores which daily began to heal, the moral torture inflicted on him through the lie that his family had given him up—are producing their due effect on the electorate of the Republic. The venomous Anti-Semites, the cowardly Republican politicians who played their game, are being displayed as they are. The disciplinary measures of General Gallifet are not severe enough to give the militarists substantial ground for complaint, while at the same time they keep the Army in its place. The interchange of civilities with the Kaiser at Bergen, the pardon of the Italian General condemned to imprisonment for overmuch study of the topography of the French side of the Col di Tenda, show that the Ministry and the President are creditably free from the customary errors of French patriotism. If further proof were desired of the present stability of the Parliamentary Republic, it might be found both in the revelations of the Monarchist attempt to get mixed up in the plots of M. Deroulède and his patriots and in the naïve pride with which one of their most respectable and least widely circulated organs has revealed the details to the world. The *Gazette de France*, the chosen organ of Legitimism, is, we believe, the oldest paper in Europe. This week it has reached its dotage. It has gravely informed its readers that the revelations of Royalist plots made by the police in a confidential report are well-founded and mostly true. The Royalists, it declares, subsidised the League of Patriots and the Anti-Semitic League, whose organ is the infamous *Antijuif*. On the day of President Faure's funeral this League sent out five thousand telegrams, at a cost of eighty pounds sterling. Groups of Monarchists were posted at various points to cheer the troops if they marched on the Elysée at M. Deroulède's instigation. The Orleanist leaders waited for hours in the hope that they would. A similar attempt was to have been made at Amiens; and then the Duke of Orleans was to have crossed the Belgian frontier, escorted by a procession of motor cars, to claim his own. The motor cars, so eminently the chosen vehicle of French Society just now that they were specially to mark out their owners for additional taxation under the latest proposal for a revision of the property-tax, add a final element of absurdity to this most childish of plots. It may be remembered that under the Commune the aristocratic youth of Paris were credited—rightly or wrongly—with an interesting plan for the restoration of order. They were to march through the streets, cheer the Friends of Order—*i.e.* themselves—fraternise with the National Guard, and snatch their rifles from them. They marched; and they drew the fire of the National Guard. This time their fraternisation with M. Deroulède and the Army, once the *coup d'état* was over, would have had a similar ending. The *coup d'état* they contemplated could only have had permanent results if it had put them out of the way.

The real danger to France is not in these drawing-room plotters, with their cheap portraits of a fatuous prince and their childish delight in their own absurdities. It is in the growing hostility of the Moderate Republicans to the Socialist element in the present Cabinet, and in the utilisation of that hostility for party purposes by M. Méline and the so-called Progressist section of the Republican party. M. Méline's speech at the Progressist dinner at the Hôtel Continental on Saturday evening exhibited a most unpatriotic desire to make a bogey

of Collectivism. The present Government, it is true, contains Socialists, and rests on Socialist support; but it is a Cabinet of Public Safety, whose business it is primarily to pull France through the Dreyfus affair and restore the civil authority to its proper supremacy in the State. When that is done, it will be time to talk about the danger of Collectivism. Were the army able to hold France as well as to conquer it, and were a Pretender of ordinary ability available, there is no doubt that the Parliamentary Republic would be in grave danger, though the danger might not declare itself all at once. Happily, the Labour party has, for the most part, taken fright at the prospect of military rule, and has coalesced with a Moderate and a Radical section of the *bourgeois* Republicans. But M. Méline's section of the latter holds aloof. It votes against the Ministry, or abstains; its leader declares that the real danger is not military rule, but Collectivism, and that the recent excesses of certain commanding officers are merely "cries of pain." He hints that the verdict of the Dreyfus court-martial may be inspired by the Government; and, in the face of all recent revelations, he not only deprecates attaching political or religious significance to it, but he declares that it is no proper basis for Republican union. And the *Journal des Débats* sets forth the Socialist demands as lately formulated by M. Jaurès—the eight-hours day, the minimum wage, the progressive income tax, and so on—and makes them a basis for a warning against the Government.

All this seems to foreign observers untimely and dangerous. The only French Government that has hitherto been supported by the Socialists was that of M. Bourgeois two years ago. It brought an hitherto irreconcilable section of the Chamber into line; it threatened the Senate; it proposed a progressive income tax; and—it broke up without effecting anything. So, it may be predicted, will the much more heterogeneous Government which combines MM. Waldeck-Rousseau, Gallifet, and Millerand, as soon as it tries social legislation. But it will not have to try till next year, and then the Republic will be more secure, if only through the Exhibition. The Socialist demands, too, will have to be moderated a good deal if they are even to be presented to the Chamber with any hope of success. The mere co-operation of the Socialists with other Parliamentary parties necessarily tends to make their Socialism practical and moderate. But the veiled hostility of the Moderates and the open hostility of M. Méline may easily combine with the disillusionment, resulting from the Dreyfus trial, to increase the indifferentism and latent discontent which is the bane of French politics. Revolutions have succeeded hitherto in France because minorities were active and the majority indifferent. We had hoped that that stage had passed away with the development of local government. But if an important party and leading papers can do nothing in a crisis but minimise the danger and carp at the Ministry, there is every reason to fear that that Ministry will fail in its work of defending the Republic.

FINANCE.

BUSINESS has been very dull again this week in the Stock Exchange, and quotations are all generally lower. It is curious to notice that since the tension with the Transvaal became strained, almost every other week we have a scare more or less pronounced, followed the next week by a partial recovery. The effect of the Transvaal news has been greatly aggravated by a fall on the Stock Exchange in New York, brought about by the unsatisfactory bank return issued on Saturday last, and by the fears thus caused and exceedingly tight money. The high rates charged both for discounts and for loans by the Bank of England have naturally added greatly to the impression thus made. Moreover, the fall in Consols, which has been going on now for a considerable time, has become more pronounced this week. Many people attribute it to the fear of war with the Transvaal. But it is obvious that, however serious the troubles in South Africa may become, they cannot affect the credit of the British Government unless it be assumed that the troubles in South Africa will bring about a great European war. Anything short of a war with a first-class Power would not cause a material decline in Consols; and it is to be recollected that this has been going on for months. The real reason of the fall is, firstly, the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer not to go on investing the Savings Banks deposits in Consols, and, secondly, the recognition by the great banks and capitalists that if Savings Banks money is diverted from the Consol market it will be impossible to keep up the high premium on Consols, remembering that in little more than three years now the interest will automatically fall to 2½ per cent. But however the fall be accounted for, it makes naturally a very great impression upon the City, and produces there a very unpleasant feeling. The real truth, however, is that money is growing undoubtedly scarce; that in a few months the rates of interest and discount may be expected to be exceptionally high, and all far-seeing people, therefore, are realising the money they think they will be able to employ more advantageously by either lending to merchants and manufacturers or by using it on the Stock Exchange or in Lombard Street. As the week draws to a close there is a more hopeful feeling in New York. It is believed there now that the scare of last week was premature, that money is not likely to become so scarce and so dear all at once, as was taken for granted on Saturday and Monday, and, therefore, there is an inclination to begin speculating once more. In Germany money likewise is growing easier, as it usually does about the middle of July. And in France there is a more hopeful feeling. Evidently the new Government is inspiring confidence in the timid, and is making the Reactionary Party more cautious in what they are about to do, and thus is likely to bring about a better state of feeling. In Belgium, Italy, and Spain there is likewise a lull. And, generally speaking, politics look better than they did, except only in South Africa.

The Bank of England has done a large business this week both in lending and in discounting. Last week it did not raise its rate, as many persons expected that it would do; but it began to charge at first to special customers 3½ per cent. for loans. Then it extended the charge to all without distinction; and this week it has charged as much as 4 per cent. At the same time it is discounting bills at the full official rate of 3 per cent. Naturally this has given much umbrage to the bill-brokers and discount houses, who allege that they are hampered in their business by the arbitrary action of the Bank of England. In reality the Bank is fully justified in what it has done. For bill-brokers and discount houses, in a mad competition with one another, were unduly running down rates, and were exposing the Market to danger in the hope that they would be able to borrow from the banks at still lower rates. The great joint stock and private banks, however, are not in a position just now to lend largely, and the Bank of England has very wisely determined to prevent the bill-brokers and discount houses from continuing what it regards as a dangerous policy. One result is that the bill-brokers and discount houses, unwilling to pay as much as 4 per cent. for money which they are not enabled to reinvest at 3 per cent., have practically stopped taking bills, and consequently the holders of bills

have been obliged to go to the Bank of England in very large numbers, where they had to pay as much as 3 per cent. On Thursday, somewhat to the surprise of the Market, the Bank directors raised their official minimum from 3 per cent. to 3½ per cent. The prompt action of the Bank of England will probably prevent the rates of discount being raised unduly high later in the year. If money had been made unduly cheap just now, gold would probably have been taken away in large amounts. The Bank of England would have had to adopt extraordinary measures to strengthen its reserve, and generally trade might have been disturbed later in the year as a consequence. It is to be hoped that the prompt action of the Bank will render this unnecessary by-and-by. Meanwhile the Indian Money Market is becoming decidedly easier. But still the India Council continues to sell its drafts exceedingly well. It offered for tender on Wednesday 50 lacs, and the applications somewhat exceeded 228 lacs. The whole amount offered was sold at prices a trifle over 1s. 4d. per rupee. Small special sales were afterwards made at 1s. 4 3/32d. per rupee. Next week 50 lacs will again be offered for tender.

The British Oil and Cake Mills, Limited, has been formed to acquire, amalgamate, and carry on the business of the principal companies and firms now engaged in the industries of oil and cake manufacture and oil refining. The purchase price has been fixed by the vendors at £1,368,000, together with such further sum as shall be equal to the value of the stock-in-trade and movable plant, to be fixed by valuation. The Company has a share capital of £1,500,000, half in 5 per cent. cumulative shares and half in ordinary shares of £1 each; and it has besides 750,000 4½ per cent. first mortgage debenture stock. At present subscriptions are invited for £550,000 debenture stock and £600,000 cumulative preference share, and an equal number of ordinary shares.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—Amid the excitement caused by the run of ill-fortune which is attending Ministers in the country, people are not paying so much attention as they might do to the secret meetings of the joint Committee of Convocation. Those who are acquainted with what is going on regard the situation as very serious. A deliberate attempt is being made to induce the bishops to accept a measure which will practically put an end to the Queen's supremacy in the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the majority of the bishops are resolute in their refusal to look at such a measure; but they have no remedy of their own to propose for a situation of the gravity of which they have no conception. The only thing that seems to be certain about the present position of the Church of England is that the work of the Liberation Society is at present being actively carried forward by Convocation.

The South African news ought to be better, seeing that President Kruger has given way to a not inconsiderable extent under the pressure put upon him by the Afrikanders; but in spite of the apparent improvement our war party clings to the belief that force will have to be employed sooner or later, and is anxious that it should be resorted to as quickly as possible. Meanwhile military preparations are being continued in this country, and everything possible is being done to convince the Boers that our Government is in earnest.

There is some little excitement to-day over Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords last night on the subject of the conscription. "What does it mean?" is the universal inquiry. The general impression is that it is only a *ballon d'essai*. Nobody believes that Ministers are mad enough, under present circumstances, seriously to propose to set up an actual system of conscription. But the speech has caused a certain amount of uneasy bewilderment.

Monday.—The great volunteer review on Saturday was a decided success, and repaid the average Londoner for the inconvenience to which he was subjected by the blocking of so many of the main thoroughfares. The men had really a fine appearance, and there was satisfactory proof of the fact that the force is not losing its efficiency. Its popularity with the London public is undeniable. The old days when any volunteer appearing in the streets in uniform ran the risk of being insulted seem to have passed away for ever.

The fight over the Clergy Relief Bill promises to be a severe one. But all the enthusiasm is being shown upon one side. Nobody who has to defend the Bill really cares for it, and the bulk of the Ministerialists cannot restrain their indignation at the suicidal folly which has committed them unnecessarily to such a contest as this. The Opposition, seeing what the effect of the Bill is in the country, will make the fight in Committee as severe as possible. They will not win, of course, nor is it desirable from the purely party point of view that they should do so. The passing of the Bill will be the final blow at the popularity of the Ministry. Shrewd persons declare that this Government will never win another bye-election.

Tuesday.—The situation in South Africa is, as even Mr. Chamberlain admitted yesterday, singularly confused and perplexing. No two persons seem to be agreed as to the precise meaning of President Kruger's latest concessions. What sensible people feel is that whether they are or are not sufficient, they indicate an advance towards a settlement and ought to lessen the danger of war. But that danger is unfortunately increased by the follies of the extremists on both sides. If the war party are increasing the risk by their unreasonable hostility to the Boers and their uncompromising and unconciliatory action, the danger is certainly not being diminished by the folly of calling for "three cheers for Majuba Hill" at a meeting of "Liberal Forwards," nor is Mr. Schreiner helping the cause of peace by his very unusual action in accepting Mr. Kruger's proposals, as it were, over the head of the High Commissioner. Everybody hopes that war will be avoided, but if it is avoided it will not be owing to the action of the extreme men of either faction.

The fight on the Tithes Bill in Committee, which began last night, is conducted in a very half-hearted way on the Government side. Members stay in the House to vote for the measure, but they show that they have no love for it, and the debate is all on the side of the opponents of the Bill. The St. Pancras result is awaited by both parties with much anxiety. If the hopes of the Liberals are realised another staggering blow will have been dealt at the prospects of the Government.

Wednesday.—The Peers were in a little flutter of excitement all day yesterday. Whilst the rest of the country was thinking about the Transvaal, the Tithes Rating Bill and similar measures, their lordships were in the midst of a little crisis of their own. For days past there has been a vast amount of lobbying going on over the question of seats for shop-girls. It hardly seems to be a question on which to found a great revolt of the barons of England. But *tempora mutantur*, and the barons had selected the Seats for Shop-girls Bill as a means of asserting their independence of their leader. Lord Salisbury, it will be remembered, showed scant courtesy to the Scotch edition of this measure when it reached the House of Lords a few weeks ago. To say that he kicked it contumeliously out of doors is scarcely an exaggeration. Yesterday it was his turn to undergo the kicking process, and he was compelled to swallow a still more sweeping measure than the original one by the mandate of an overwhelming majority. The Peers enjoyed themselves hugely. It was like

barring-out day at a public school. The head-master did not seem to be very much overcome by the front offered to his dignity. So nobody was hurt and most persons were amused by the defeat of the Prime Minister; whilst everybody was thankful to secure some sort of diversion on a day when the temperature was so oppressive.

Perhaps it was the weather that was responsible for the bad temper that prevailed in the House of Commons. After statements of a rather ominous nature with regard to the Transvaal, the fight over the Tithes Bill was renewed by the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt—about whom there is none of the shyness that might be supposed to befit a "retired leader"—was in his most robustious mood, and very quickly got himself into a controversy with the Chairman, Mr. Lowther. Then Mr. Balfour joined the company of debaters whose tempers had been damaged by the heat, and increased the trouble tenfold by a merciless and unjustifiable use of the closure. Altogether there was a lively time in the House, and Ministers closed the evening's debate very little the better for a vast expenditure of time and trouble.

Thursday.—St. Pancras is a disappointment, for the Liberals had hoped that they might win the seat. But the efforts put forth by the Tory party have enabled them to retain it, though by a very narrow majority. How deep is their present distress may be gathered from the outburst of profound thankfulness in which *The Times* indulges over a result that would certainly not have seemed to give cause for rejoicing a few months ago. An ex-Cabinet Minister declared to me his conviction that if Mr. Wrightson were defeated Lord Salisbury would probably feel bound to dissolve. No Ministry, he thought, could ignore such a blow as this would have proved. As it is, the watchful observers of the Continent are fully alive to the change in the state of public opinion in this country, and it is amusing to hear of the attentions which they are now beginning to pay to leading members of the Opposition. A couple of years ago these Continental statesmen really believed the nonsensical vapourings of the Ministerial Press, and thought that Liberalism had practically ceased to be a factor in the politics of Great Britain.

In the meantime, I understand that strenuous efforts are being put forth by the party organisers for bringing the general state of the party into a condition of efficiency. The recess will not be wasted. It will witness a resolute and widespread campaign on behalf of the Liberal cause. This week seems to be given up to Liberal festivities. Last night Sir James Blyth received the members of the Eighty Club and a host of well-known Liberal politicians at his hospitable mansion in Portland Place. To-night the Eighty Club ball takes place, Lord and Lady Crewe receiving the guests on behalf of the Club, and on Saturday Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson are to entertain the members of the Opposition at a garden party at their beautiful place in Sussex. It is thus evident that before the severe work of the autumn campaign is undertaken the Liberal party is bent upon enjoying itself.

The news from the Cape to-day is putting the friends of peace into a more hopeful state of mind. It seems impossible, in face of the statements of men like Sir James Sivewright, that the war party should be able to carry the day.

Friday.—The fight over the Tithe Rating Bill was kept up with plenty of spirit yesterday, and was very damaging to the Government. An amendment moved by Mr. Edmund Robertson, indeed, put them into a serious quandary. They would have accepted the amendment only too gladly if it had not been for their determination to avoid the report stage at all hazards. As it was they had a damaging debate and a bad division. The Bill was eventually forced through by means of the free use of the closure. It is a measure of which Ministers have still to hear a great deal.

It is generally felt that the fighting days of the session are over. The year which began so inauspiciously for the Liberal party leaves them in excellent condition. Some of the mischievous elements in the party have either been removed altogether or neutralised by the appearance of new influences. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has shown himself to be an excellent leader of the House of Commons, and has held his own despite some attempts to revive old jealousies and intrigues. The Opposition, in fact, is looking forward to the recess with a great deal of quiet self-satisfaction.

THE SEASON.

IN one of Mr. H. G. Wells's romances some obnoxious creatures from another planet devastate London with a Heat Ray. Man, beasts, buildings, the moment it touches them, shrink up like tissue paper in a flame. London has produced its own Heat Ray rather earlier than is common, and the Season gasps its last in whiffs of brimstone (or of wood-pavement, which is much the same) in Piccadilly. Carriages in the Row are sparse, and you may be sure that they belong to legislators who are discussing in the "Babble Machine" at Westminster the expediency (nicknamed justice) of relieving the clergy out of the public purse on the principle of the largest dole for the fattest living. Here and there are signs of a belated evening party — awning, carpet on the doorstep, and a row of expectant footmen. Jeames is visibly worn by the toil of the Season. He looks just like the dress trousers of Mr. Richard Phenyl, who remarked of them that they had been attending funerals for years. There is a good deal of the undertaker about Jeames; he comes to bury the Season, not to praise it. The man who did not believe in ghosts said it was because he had seen too many of them. Jeames has seen too many Seasons to take to them with the freshness and spontaneity of eager inexperience. If he were a poet like his great namesake who sang—

> R Hangeline,
> R Lady mine,
> Dost thou remember Jeames?

he might treat "The Seasons" in the lugubrious vein of a Jeames Thomson below stairs. At present he lingers on the doorstep with a distinct air of protest against the ways of Providence. "Why ain't we at 'Omburg," his eloquent eye says quite plainly. "Why are we wakin' this blessed corpse of a Season? Bad form is wot I call it!" And if he knew the Scotch tongue and the humour of Stevenson, he would echo that eminent man, and say, "If Proavidence has nae manners wha's to learn 't?"

To the conscientious hostess the end of the Season must bring grateful repose. You call on her, and find her quite gay. That little furrow between the brows which marred the perfection of her features for a fastidious observer has been smoothed away. It is all over for months—the worry of entertaining, the pain of drawing invidious distinctions when issuing invitations (so many doubtful Peris have to be kept outside the celestial gates!) and, above all, the trials of an artistic soul that burns to uplift the average taste of guests for the arts. Do you remember the legend of Sisyphus? With sigh and groan,

> Up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone;
> The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
> Rolls down the hill and smokes along the ground.

The artistic hostess is very like Sisyphus, and Society is the huge round stone. She strives to raise it to the point of appreciating the highest musical talent. Alas! it rolls down the hill, and if it does not smoke along the ground, quite a number of men steal out for a cigarette on the balcony. No wonder there was a furrow between those pretty brows! When you have brought together the

pianist of the age, the singers of the age, the players of all the ages (for whom Henry Arthur Jones is not too heavy, nor Pinero too light), it is distinctly furrowing to notice the guests who hide themselves among the light refreshments, and hasten at the earliest moment down to supper. "Can you see the lines on my forehead?" says the hostess when you call. "You pretend you can't, but they are there. I see them in the glass in the morning when my hair is being brushed, and I know them all by name. No; you are not one of them. I will say for you that when Sodawiski is at the piano, you do strike an intense attitude of listening. I'd like to have a statue of you in that attitude, and put it up in the hall as an example and a warning. Those lines, sir, are some of my best friends." And she proceeds to name them, and the enormities of which they were guilty when Sodawiski was discoursing heavenly semi-quavers.

The utilitarian philosophy is not always practised by hostesses, for it is idle to suppose that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is ensured by music of the highest order. Would those brows be free from furrows if they were never bent over missionary effort, if the card for an evening party, instead of "Music, 10.30," said "At Home—Dan Leno"? It might not be a bad idea for the London hostesses to form an Amusements Guild, and discuss the best way to graduate their entertainments according to the taste and intelligence of their guests. A great lady once upon a time was wont to invite philosophers and literary men to meet a conjuror. She reasoned that the spectacle of a man producing rabbits from a professor's hat would amuse the company by relieving them from the intellectual preoccupation in which they were commonly absorbed. The scheme worked so well that a scientific thinker of the highest eminence, whose hat mysteriously bred rabbits, subsequently made this the point of the only amusing passage in his monumental works. Observe the depressing effect of music of the highest class upon distinguished literary men at evening parties. They don't take to Sodawiski at all; they talk about his hair, and surmise that he is a Finn. They seem to think that his particular talent is what you might expect from Finns. Of course, they are not jealous of him; but they resent his magnetic attraction for women. Darnley must have felt like that towards Rizzio. Monarchs have been known to fling javelins at gentlemen who played the harp. Richard of Gloster makes unpleasant allusion to the quality of the lute. Pure intellect has always been as impatient as the martial spirit of the glamour of music. Hence, no doubt, the studied coolness of the literary man at the evening party when the piano is speaking soul to soul in a medium hopelessly out of his line. There are women hanging breathlessly on those chords who have not read his last novel. He is restless, and goes in search of the light refreshments with a frequency which the hostess marks with a frown. Dan Leno now he would probably enjoy, or acrobats. They would not give him an irritable sense that his medium is deficient in sympathetic appeal.

It is all over, this Season of ball and rout, and those intricate pretexts for the excessive consumption of strawberries and cream, which are called garden-parties. No more Sunday luncheon parties at Prince's, whence emerge half an hour after the legal closing time of a Sabbath afternoon crowds of fashionable persons behind whom the door is abruptly bolted and barred, for all the world as if they were roysterers who might at any moment provoke a swoop by the police. That must be a quaint sight to the foreigner who has been taught that London is the Mecca of Sabbatical observance. The indefatigable Sarah has come and gone, having failed to prove that Hamlet is an international congress of feminine attributes. The Season is dead; we cast away moan, and pant like the hart for the water-brooks.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF FLIGHT.

WHEN posterity looks back upon the fast-dying century it will probably write down for the benefit of its successors the opinion that no age in the history of the world was so prolific in important discoveries and great inventions as has been the past quarter of a century. One has only to think of the way in which our everyday life has been revolutionised by the telephone, electric light, electric motors, meat freezing, by the general acceptance of the germ theory of disease, by the recognition of hypnotism, by the huge strides that have been made in every department of commerce in the direction of time and labour-saving machinery and the use of waste products, by the invention of the safety bicycle, the pneumatic tyre, the Parsons turbine, the gas engine, the incandescent gas mantle, and a whole host of similar advances which will rise to anyone's mind—one has only to think of these things to see how far we have travelled since, say, the Franco-German War, and this without taking count of such wonders as wireless telegraphy or the X-rays, which, though thoroughly demonstrated, are not yet in everyday use. Many of the marvels which now seem indispensable necessities to our existence would twenty-five years ago have been scoffed at as "fancies in a madman's brain." During that time there has been no change more remarkable than that in our attitude towards the flying-machine inventor. The man who spoke of human flight as a practical possibility was looked upon as a crank; to-day the air is metaphorically full of flying machines, and those who have quite impartially watched their progress believe that it will be so literally in the course of not more than a few months. Ever since the days of Mongolfier until quite recently inventors have confined their attention to floating apparatus—balloons in some form or another—and as a consequence the advance made was practically nil. Balloons were as good and as serviceable a century ago as they are to-day. One or two aëronauts have from time to time made some slight progress in the direction of controlling their great unwieldy air rafts. For, after all, a balloon is nothing more than an air raft capable of the same uses and subject to the same limitations in the air as is a raft on the water. Just as on a raft in water guiding poles, keels, oars, and rudder may be of some slight service in controlling small variations in the movement, but are useless for exerting any real influence on the general direction or drift of the ungainly craft, so in a balloon they are possibly better than nothing, but no more.

It was not until inventors recognised this fundamental principle that flying machines and human flight became a practical possibility. It has now been realised that, as in every other form of mechanical motion so in flying, it is necessary to imitate nature. Nothing in nature that flies is in any sense a balloon. And since inventors have taken this lesson to heart, the advance in flying machines has been enormous. Apart from balloonists, who still cling to their obsolete notions, there are two principal schools of aëronauts, both basing their schemes on the principles of birds' flight, but each antagonistic to the other. Both these schools recognise the fundamental error in trying to fly by means of air displacement; both seek to do so by means of air resistance. Both to this extent imitate nature. The flight of every bird and every insect that soars aloft or skims through the air is based upon the resistance offered to the air by their wings. They propel themselves upwards in a vertical line by the beating of their wings against the air, they progress forward by sliding or gliding down an inclined plane with outstretched wings. In some forms of flight the two actions are coincident or nearly so—in other forms quite distinct. The pigeon or the puffin in full flight raises itself by each

of its rapid wing beats an almost imperceptible distance and shoots forward between each flap along a plane of very slight inclination, downwards by just the amount the wing-beat raises it, and forwards a considerable distance—the result being a rapid forward flight. The albatross or the gull sailing, on the other hand, first, by a number of strong deliberate strokes of its pinions, propels itself upwards to a great height, and then with motionless outstretched wings glides slowly down a plane of varying inclination, guiding itself by the craning of the head and neck, and varying the plane of its flight by the "list" of its body and wings, and by the inclination of its tail. It is these forms of flight that modern aëronauts have set themselves to copy, and, of the two schools just referred to as devoting themselves to the task, one has pinned its faith to the gliding motion, the other to the propelling action; but the propelling school has, for the most part, based its endeavours upon a wrong conception of how to adapt the action of Nature to a mechanical contrivance. It has endeavoured to propel a machine up an inclined plane with the result that no machine has yet been devised capable of lifting its own weight against gravity in this way, for the simple reason that only a fraction of the mechanical power—the sine of the angle of inclination of the plane to the horizon—is used for this purpose, the bulk of the energy being expended uselessly. For this reason, beyond proving the futility of its method, the propelling school has met with no success—unless one accepts one instance where Mr. Maxim is said to have got his machine off the ground for a few seconds.

The gliding school, on the other hand, have been eminently successful, and Mr. Pilcher with his gliding machine and Mr. Baden-Powell with his kites have both definitely proved that it is easy for a man to glide down a gently inclined plane for a distance limited only by the height of the starting-point. But how to get to a sufficient height to render flying on this principle a feasible possibility has been a problem which baffled them. Mr. Langley carries his glider to the top of a hill and jumps off, but this is obviously a method of small service for practical purposes; whilst Mr. Baden-Powell's kites are incapable of either steering or systematic control.

Eighteen years ago Mr. G. L. O. Davidson, of Inchmarlo, a man with a scientific turn of mind, whose hobbies were ornithology and mechanics, turned his attention to human flight, and, working not only independently from, but for the most part in ignorance of the work of, the recognised flying-machine inventors, started out to copy a bird's flight exactly. He set himself to devise a machine which should rise vertically from the ground, and by the force of gravity should be drawn forward down an inclined plane, supported by the resistance of the air against outstretched surfaces. This ideal he has at length realised. His machine is in the form of a vast bird with permanently fixed outstretched wings and movable tail and beak. In its body are the accommodation for passengers and its engines: in the head are the controlling and guiding apparatus. This great artificial bird—which in the full-sized example that Mr. Davidson hopes to complete during the next few months will measure one hundred feet across the wings—is raised, bird-like, vertically upwards by means of huge lifters in the underside of the wings. These lifters are large air screws, similar in principle to the electric fans that are commonly used for ventilation. After sixteen years of experimenting and testing Mr. Davidson has by practical demonstration arrived at the most efficient form, size, and rate of revolution for these fans. During this time he has with his own hands made and tried some thousands of shapes and designs of them, and the work which he has done in this direction alone is vast, and likely to have a most important bearing on all propellers of the screw family. In his flying-machine these propellers are driven by an ordinary steam engine, and Mr. Davidson has proved them to be capable of lifting the bird and a large number of passengers. Once raised to a sufficient height the bird will glide down an air plane on the same principle as the "glider," the practicability of which for this purpose has been fully demonstrated; but again imitating nature, Mr. Davidson's machine, like the fast-flying birds, will combine the two motions in one. It will simultaneously rise vertically, and, being inclined at a slight angle, will continually slip forwards, the two motions combining to make a rapid forward flight horizontally. The one difficulty of the glider Mr. Davidson by again studying nature has overcome—hitherto it was practically impossible to keep it balanced at a regular inclination, either lengthways or transversely. Mr. Davidson has, however, devised an equilibrium gear on the principle of the pendulum, which, working automatically on the tail or on valves in the wings, as the case may be, instantaneously corrects any deviation from the desired inclination lengthways or from the horizontal transversely.

It is impossible to go fully into all the details of this extraordinary contrivance, but it is safe to say that in a few months Mr. Davidson will have definitely decided whether it is possible for man, by imitating the birds of the air, to fly or not; and in view of the fact that he has carefully tested every detail and practically proved its efficiency for the purpose for which it is designed as he has progressed; that he has perfected his invention before building the first complete instance of it, instead of giving way, as has been commonly done with such disastrous results, to the strong temptation of building an example before he had tested the principles of it; and that, so far, every calculation he has made theoretically has been borne out as correct by experiment, there are few who know of his invention who do not believe that he has solved the problem of human flight.

LETTERS: A TRADE OR A RECREATION?

ADDRESSING the Authors' Club the other evening, Mr. Bryce made some interesting remarks about the future of Literature. The occasion was festive, and Mr. Bryce spoke mainly in a merry tone, rejoicing with his hosts as they are wont to rejoice among themselves; but he wove into his gaiety a warning which deserves serious consideration. He does not quite like the commercial element in authorship. The fact that a writer of our day made out of his poems a fortune large enough to buy two beautiful estates is not in Mr. Bryce's judgment a wholly auspicious omen. Nor is it so in ours. We did not grudge the poet his prosperity, and we admit that in as far as the products of authorship have commercial value the authors must have commercial rewards; but Mr. Bryce is right in feeling that a grave danger to Literature lurks in the commercial considerations. Now that all the people are able to read, those who write have a very large audience, and that is pleasant; but they perceive only cause for congratulation in the new economic conditions, and they ought to perceive something more. "One must hope," Mr. Bryce said, "that the authors of the future will not care very much about the public, and will not be led away by the temptation of large prices, but will write to please themselves, and think chiefly of keeping up the standard of their work." To some minds these words may seem harsh, or, at any rate, not so liberal as all the words of Mr. Bryce are expected to be; but they express an important truth. Literature at its best is a leisurely recreation which should be its own reward. To that thought we will return. Meanwhile, what is Literature as practised at this time? Undoubtedly it is less a recreation than a trade. We are informed that, at clubs and other places where

they sing, authors chaunt mainly about their rates of payment, and when we glance over the Literary Gossip in any journal we are obliged to believe that that is so. There we read that Miss This or Miss That is engaged upon a novel for which Messrs. So and So are to pay the largest sum on record, and we can easily read between the lines that that popular author, Mr. Somebody or Another, must be tearing his long locks at the thought of it. We will not pursue the painful subject. Let us only add, as evidence that nowadays those who are engaged in Literature think mainly of the commercial aspect of their pursuit, that the Incorporated Society of Authors, which claims to be a thoroughly representative body, thinks of absolutely nothing else.

We trust that no one will suppose us to be writing in disparagement of Literature. Literature has our very best regards, and it is on that account that we agree with Mr. Bryce in deploring the attitude towards it of many writers. We are glad that in this new age the writers, like the players, are much better bestowed than they were wont to be. It is distressing to think of a genius such as Keats having only a garret in which to pen immortal works. It is even distressing to remember that the haunts of Dr. Johnson were taverns in Fleet Street. Men of genius deserve much better quarters. It would be absurd to contend that a man who can write a poem or compile a lexicon is sufficiently requited if his income is only a small fraction of that of the man who can cut a coat or has the gift of advertising his groceries into wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Milton received only £5 for "Paradise Lost"; yet who would say that Milton was less deserving than the provision merchant who can turn extract of beef into thousands and thousands of sovereigns? It will be seen that we are owning up in a most handsome manner. Literary genius should never be amid the circumstances of poverty. It deserves a much better lot. Besides, genius and poverty are, as a rule, incompatible. Poverty prevents genius from gaining its materials. The greatest literary talent conceivable would be unable to make any achievement if it were so poor as to be unable to move about and see the world. The products of genius are not altogether subjective. They are objectivities realised in beauty by the subjective interpretation. We are glad, therefore, alike for the sake of genius and for that of the world to which it ministers, that, instead of being hungered in Grub Street, writers have now such a fair chance that in many instances they dwell in palatial clubs, and even have yachts and grouse-moors. Nevertheless, there was sound sense at the bottom of Lord Byron's objection to the thought that Mr. Murray should pay him for his poems. It is not exactly self-respecting to take payment for giving pleasure. Another great thinker beside Lord Byron made that remark, which Mr. Bryce and ourselves have now occasion to re-affirm. We allude to Mr. Stevenson, who in one of his essays said that, in respect of the commercial considerations, the producers of literature were on a plane with the daughters of joy. Affronting as it was, Mr. Stevenson's remark was not altogether untrue. Genius is natively like Beauty. If Beauty takes payment for the happiness which it bestows on all beholders, it is degraded. Genius is not less great than Beauty; Genius, if possible, should take no lower stand.

Of course, that it impossible. Resembling Labour in the view of Karl Marx, Genius is a source of wealth; and if it acquires some of the wealth of which it is the source, it is not to be severely blamed. Lord Byron had to yield to Mr. Murray's solicitations ultimately, and took payment for his poems. He did not, however, tell all the world what the payment was. He never sought to have his genius measured and advertised by its value in the market-place. Thereby he displayed a true instinct, and in anticipation justified the warning which Mr. Bryce has given to the Authors' Club. When we read in Literary Gossip about the vast sum which any man has received for a book, we are humiliated. We ourselves are in the same line of life, and do not wish to feel that those whose daily duty it is to write for the instruction or the pleasure of the world have the methods of the ladies on the town. We wish that the popular authors who make thousands of sovereigns over every exhibition of themselves to the public through a book would acquire more of the privacy for which they invariably clamour. That would be self-respecting; it would be dignified; and if Literature is not dignified it is not worth the Duke of Wellington's twopenny damn. The clubs of authors are right in rejoicing that Literature has been freed from poverty; but in the first flush of their natural delight they are themselves, by their chatter about rates of payment, lowering it to a level with the lowliest of trades, and that is a misadventure. Literature, when it was poor, despised trade. Now that it is well-to-do, it should maintain the original attitude. Otherwise, not only will the worldly interests of authors suffer, but also the art of letters will be lost. Mr. Bryce is right. Literature is not naturally a trade. It is a recreation. It is naturally a recreation alike for those who practise it and for those upon whom it is practised. The only reason why the people at large read books is that they believe other persons, authors, to have thoughts more valuable than their own, and methods of presenting the thoughts more illuminating than those of the people at large, who live and work and think without striving for utterance to the world. If authors do not accept Mr. Bryce's warning and write to please themselves without regard for the public, the people will cease to be pleased. Artistic genius is the one thing in the world which Democracy neither wishes nor is competent to influence, and the art of authors whose first wish is to please the public will speedily degenerate into artifice.

THE DRAMA.

"El Capitan."

It was on a trip down the Hudson two years ago that I first heard the airs of *El Capitan*. And so they came back to me as old friends at the Lyric last Monday, reviving associations of a river more beautiful by far than the Rhine, winding between high hills of red and green from West Point until it passes under the great white dome of Grant's tomb opposite Jersey City. Their rivers are more beautiful than their music in the United States. Beauty in the score of *El Capitan* there is none; but those who like the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal, plenty of "go," and strongly-marked rhythm, may here take their fill. The composer, Mr. John Philip Sousa, of the famous "Sousa's Band," is an inventor of spirited march-tunes, and, accordingly, *El Capitan* keeps you always on the march, even in a waltz or a lullaby. But while the music perpetually marches, the story too frequently marks time. It centres round a comic Viceroy, does this story of Mr. Charles Klein's, and comic Viceroys are in the best Offenbachian tradition. Mr. Klein's comic Viceroy of Peru is deposed by insurgents in the usual golden locks and pink fleshings. Being a poltroon, it occurs to him to disguise himself as the fiercest of the insurgent warriors and at their head to march against himself. One thinks of Charles Lamb joining in the hissing of his own farce. The Viceroy's efforts to conceal his identity, to maintain his assumed character for bravery, and to keep his flirtations with the daughter (in a ballet skirt) of the insurgent generalissimo from the knowledge of his lawful wedded wife, constitute the stuff of the story. One feels that the notion ought to have resulted in

droll developments; but, somehow, it does not. What drollery there is has to be set down wholly to the credit of Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who is an adept in that lugubrious fun—jokes about death, coffin-lids, and the like—which we English are apt to think peculiarly American. Mr. Hopper carries the whole piece on his broad shoulders, and fills the theatre with a voice (like his person) of the largest size. Fortunately, he is a trained musician. Indeed, the musical talent of the whole company is unusually good for work of this class. Both Miss Nellie Bergen and Miss Alice Hosmer can sing, and if Miss Jessie Mackaye can only warble she is a very pleasing little warbler. There is, too, a precision of attack and an exuberance of energy in the chorus which put to shame the mechanical half-hearted crowd generally held to suffice for similar entertainments in this country. There you have the secret of the American success, in *El Capitan* as in *The Belle of New York*—it is a success of energy, of will, of "snap." Sweetness and grace, no doubt, are lacking, but these will come—*ex forti dulcedo*. Meanwhile there is amazing vitality, and if these American visitors can only succeed in "making things hum" a little more briskly "on this side" why, so much the better.

A. B. W.

HOW JANET GOUDIE CAME HOME.

IT was gloaming when Janet Goudie crept to the white gate leading to her father's farm. On the ridge between her and the west she saw the two long shafts of a tilted roller standing up dark, gaunt. The sight made her suddenly afraid. She thought of her father. Was it he who had been working with the roller—who had left it there an hour since? She paused with a beating heart.

After a little she opened the gate and slipped quietly through, holding it carefully in her hand as she turned to fasten it. She remembered how it always swung to the post with a clap, and, though she was far from the house, she shrank from making a noise. Then she turned up the hilly road.

When she came out upon the bare uplands they were flooded with uncanny light. It dazzled Janet so that she could scarcely see the house lying straight before her. Her whole body felt how visible to the farm-folk it must be, coming on illumined in the yellow glare. She cowered so closely to the stunted hedge that the straggling brambles tugged at her. A burst of terrible splendour came athwart the world, an awful dying gloom. Far and wide flamed the red and silent moors like altars lighted for the end of time. Janet crept on, feeling mean and little in the great desolation.

At last she stood within the long shadow that was cast towards her by the house. So dark and silent were the buildings that her heart stopped beating with a sudden dread. But presently a familiar sound fell on her ear, and she breathed with relief on looking round. Over in the little croft the ducks were waddling home, late as usual, and clattering away to themselves. When the drake stood up and flapped his wings the white round of his breast shone vividly.

The farm-road led to the square close at the back of the dwelling-house—the front was to the sunset. Janet stole to the corner of the barn and peered down through the shadows to the kitchen door. She was shaking with fear. Her father had threatened that if ever she came back he would hound the dog at her. She hoped it would not be a new dog. Bauldy, she knew, would not bite her. The tall white wooden pump glimmered like a ghost in the gloom. She remembered every feature of the place as if it was yesterday she went away. Yet she felt she was looking at it athwart an Eternity. The double feeling of familiarity and strangeness made her conscious of her physical abasement; everything at home was the same—it was she who was different, different.

A stall-tied cow lowed loudly in the empty byre, and the mournful sound was echoed by the gaunt buildings. Janet shivered and drew her poor shawl about her shoulders. At last she ventured out, creeping down the close on her tip-toes, tremblingly. When she reached the step of the back door, she stood and listened for a sound within. The house was silent as death.

Twice she raised her hand to knock, and twice she let it fall in cowardice. Then self-pity came over her with a burst in the throat, and her lips whispered in dull repetition: "Oh, it's a pity o' me; it's a pity o' me! My God, ay; it's a geyan pity o' me!" She knocked faintly. There was no response. As she craned to listen she heard the old-fashioned kitchen clock tick with a dreary loudness.

She knocked again. The scrunt of a chair being pushed backwards on the stone floor made the blood prick her veins suddenly. A silence followed, and then the shuffle of slippered feet, coming slowly. Would it be her father? And would he curse her? Her tongue was dry in her mouth.

A bolt clanked to the wall; the door creaked on its hinges; and somebody peered out at her, hand over eyebrows.

"It's *you!*" said her mother at last.

The woman stared at her daughter for a while, and then turned away without a word, leaving the door open behind her. Janet followed to the kitchen with a timorous foot that was ready to start backwards. But her father was not in the kitchen.

There was a strange stillness. The rich light came streaming through the bare window and fell full upon the dresser. The dishes shone weirdly against it. There, on its old hook, Janet's mug was still hanging, her name on it in bright gilt lettering. With a sudden stab of memory she thought of the night her father had brought it home to her from the winter fair at Carbie, coming in from the wonderful darkness, with snowflakes on his coat, to his little girl by the great fire—how blithe had been his dark eye, how cheery and red the middle of his cheek. She could still feel his finger rough and cold beneath her chin, and the benediction of his eyes looking down at her. But now—ah, Christ!

Mrs. Goudie had put away in the window-sill her great Bible, and her heavy white-rimmed spectacles a-top of it. Janet was still standing.

"Sit doun," said her mother carelessly.

Janet sat down on the edge of a chair close to the door. Rab, the cat she had reared, was sitting near her in a blank band of sunshine lying athwart the flags, his legs propped in front of him like two furry little pillars, his grey-golden slits of eyes fixed on the window. Janet, feeling the constraint of the silence, put out her hand; and, not daring to speak aloud, said, "Rab!" in a choking whisper. Rab turned and looked at her carelessly through his half-shut eyes; then he rose and walked, with lazy stretchings of the hind legs, away over to the hearth. There he sat down and stared up at a blue wisp of flame blinking in the grate. The monotonous tick of the clock was the only sound in the wide kitchen.

Mrs. Goudie stood with her hand on the back of a chair. At first her eyes gazed before her with the wide look of a proud anger; and her mouth was hard. The glow fell upon her withered face and revealed its dark and stern nobility. Presently her eyes narrowed and went far away, and she seemed to be musing. Then a strange smile, that was not pleasant to look at, appeared about the corners of her mouth. But she did not speak.

The light became more unearthly.

"I declare," said Mrs. Goudie suddenly, with a false shrillness of voice that made Janet wince; "I declare, it's like the Day o' Judgment, this." The smile never left her lip.

Again was appalling silence. The clock seemed to be ticking more and more loudly. As Janet

listened to its slow metallic beat her heart sank lower in her breast. Where could her father be? He was so seldom out of the kitchen at the gloaming. She turned her head to see what o'clock it was. The old yellow dial was shining with eerie vividness.

All this time her mother had given no sign either of pity or resentment. But:

"Well!" she said at last—always with that ironic edge on her voice; "well! we had better gang butt the hoose, d'ye no' think?"

Janet rose passively, without speaking. Now that her ordeal had come she was too feeble to be sharply afraid; she felt herself borne onward like a creature in the clutch of fate. She was going to meet her father! A bare lobby with white-washed walls ran from the front-door between the kitchen and the parlour. A shaft of yellow light struck in through an oblong slit of glass above the door, falling straight upon a row of pegs. On one of these was the farmer's everyday hat, a square hard felt, green-gilt at the sides with age. The level rays revealed a thick coating of dust on it.

The mother opened the room door, which fell to the right; and then stopped, speaking over her shoulder:

"We've made changes here," she said, shrilly, as if showing alterations to a stranger. She pointed to a bed the curtained head of which was close to the door on the left. Janet had begun to tremble.

She followed her mother into the room. At first she could see nothing because of the invading glory.

"There's your fether!" said Mrs. Goudie.

Janet turned her eyes from the light, and there lay her father in his shroud beneath the full glow of sunset.

The clock ticked loudly in the kitchen.

A fringe of sandy whisker stuck out from the tight jaw-bandage. There were vivid hairs in it, redly gleaming.

Janet's knees were water below her. She sank by the bed.

"Fether!" she panted with open mouth and unstrung lips, "Fether!"—and then with a shrill scream of anguish, "Oh God! *my* fether! *my* fether! *my* fether."

"A-hey," said her mother, "that's what ye brocht your fether till!" On an April morning three-and-twenty years ago this woman had felt a thousand pulses leap and throb within her when a feeble little cry told that from her body a living soul had come into the world—oh, mystic wonder!—a new-born soul, and from *her* body, and the child of the man she loved! But that child had broken the heart of the man she loved—and she was merciless.

Suddenly a blatant low from the great empty byre echoed through the silence, hollowly. And again there was silence.

The sombre radiance deepened in the room. The brass knobs at the head of the bed gleamed mournfully.

"Speak to me, fether," whispered Janet; "speak to me, fether; speak to me!"

But he lay with closed eyes in the lonely light, and it seemed to Janet that his shut lips smiled—smiled with the quiet irony of the dead, who know the secrets of all thing, and will tell us nothing.

KENNEDY KING.

FROM DREAMLAND.

COME back to me, come back to me, across the fields of death!
Come very near! I, trembling, dear, will hush and hold my breath.
Come, sweetest rose of womanhood, my heart, my life, my own!
Come back to me—come back to me! I have been long alone.
Then let me gaze a moment, sweet, ere yet against my breast
I hide your face. Oh, grant me grace, so resting, to have rest!
Your spirit communes with my own through many a bitter day:
Come once, as you were long ago, before you went away!

Come back from heaven to me on earth—come back, dear Dream of mine,
Though I, who weep, even in my sleep, the cruel truth divine:
With Love's own presence help and heal the lonely jar and fret:
Come back and, for a little while, remember and forget!

A. M.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"THE AWKWARD AGE."

MR. HENRY JAMES has created a method of his own, and one which his fellow-artists cordially and profoundly admire. As Stevenson told him so long ago as December, 1884 (you may find the letter in *Scribner's Magazine* this month), "Each touch surprises me by its intangible precision; and the effect when done, as light as syllabub, as distinct as a picture, fills me with envy. Each man among us prefers his own aim, and I prefer mine; but when we come to speak of performance, I recognise myself, compared with you, to be a lout and a smouch of the first water." Discount the personal modesty of the confession, and the criticism, accurately just in 1884, is yet more accurately just to-day. Let so much be taken for granted. We have all at one time and another sung our praises of Mr. James's method, and I myself have had the honour to join in the chorus. Mr. James (to use something like his own language) must by this time sufficiently know that, so far as technique evokes it, we all have an immense admiration for him.

But Mr. Henry James, author of this book, "The Awkward Age," seems to be wrestling through an Awkward Age of his own, of which this book (one may sincerely hope) represents the crisis. It comes to this: Almost book by book he elaborates his method, and makes it increasingly exquisite, while almost book by book he applies that method to subjects more and more *sales*. This is a strong epithet, no doubt, and I fear Mr. James will think it an unjust one. And I *fear* precisely because, were Mr. James to recognise it as just—had we an assurance that he is aware how dirty and sordid are the *milieux* in which he has taken to conducting his delicate processes—the danger would be at least halved. To some extent, no doubt, he is aware. The idea which possesses him just now—witness his three latest books, "What Maisie Knew," "The Two Magics," and the volume before me—is that of young innocence picking its way among impure surroundings; compelled by these surroundings to be precocious and knowing in evil, yet preserved in good by the armour of youth, cleanliness, and sincerity; and helped—for this with Mr. James is part of the problem—by the pity or active interference of some kind, wise, elderly person who does not belong to the *milieu*, and stands, more than a little bewildered, outside of the game. In "What Maisie Knew" this part is played by an egregious, angular governess: in "The Awkward Age" by a dear old gentleman, who, returning to London after years of vegetation at Beccles in Suffolk finds the grandchild of his lost and early love astray in a society which is unwholesome for her and utterly strange to him.

You perceive the strength of the appeal? The child, so different in most respects from the grandmother whom she has never known, and whose

memory he worships, is singularly like her in features and in a certain sincerity of mind. What can he do but step down into the arena and help her to fight her battle? The idea, as are the ideas in most of Mr. James's books, is a beautiful one; and to do it justice one admits the necessity of making the girl's surroundings unwholesome. To give point to her old friend's interference there must be something to save her from, something so bad as to make a cogent, even a clamorous, appeal to his chivalry. But with all this admitted, it strikes one as queer that Mr. James should have so faint and nebulous a notion of how bad and unwholesome the atmosphere is. His characters protest to each other that they are not vulgar, and perhaps they are right; but they are at all points abominably third-rate, and the constant vexation of the book is that their author conveys the impression that he looks upon them as first-rate and really enjoys himself in their company, while kept in a nervous twitter at the pace they are going.

Nanda, the heroine, is in love with Vanderbank, a handsome bachelor engaged in philandering around her mother (whose husband is alive). As one of the characters explains, "He hasn't gone beyond a certain point. You may ask how one knows such matters, but I'm afraid I've not quite a receipt for it. A woman knows, but she can't tell. They haven't done, as it's called, anything wrong." "It would be extremely horrid if they had," says Mr. Longdon, who wants to marry the man to the daughter. "Ah," is the reply, "but, for you and me who know life, it isn't *that* that—if other things had made for it—would have prevented it." I am tempted to comment, but proceed. Mr. Longdon, the benevolent old gentleman, wishes (as I said) to see Nanda married to Vanderbank the philanderer. Vanderbank knows that Nanda loves him, but (1) hasn't the pluck to marry on anything short of wealth, and (2) hasn't the pluck to break away from the mother. Mr. Longdon seeks to remove the first obstacle by informing Vanderbank in a private interview that he means to *doter* Nanda handsomely. Wonderful, is it not? But perhaps it is more wonderful that Vanderbank—"described as a gentleman," as they say in police reports—takes the proposal good-humouredly and without shame. Perhaps it is most wonderful that he goes off and promptly tells the girl's mother and allows her in his presence to tell a friend whom he knows to be a rival for Nanda's hand; yes, and sits quietly by while they discuss the chances of his accepting this handsome offer! For a full-length portrait of a cad this Vanderbank will take, as they say, some beating. Of course, he does not accept, for obstacle No. 2 remains and the mother will not give him up. Finally we have the girl herself imploring the philanderer not to give up her mother.

> "If mother's adorable, why give her up? . . . I just ask you—I even press you. It's because, as she said, you've practically ceased coming. Of course I know everything changes. . . . All sorts of things happen—things come to an end. She has more or less—by his marriage—lost Mitchy" (another philanderer). "I don't want her to lose everything. Do stick to her. What I really wanted to say to you—to bring it straight out—is that I don't believe you thoroughly know how awfully she likes you. . . ."

For the rest the men are mostly engaged in sponging on each other or "running" each other and, under the conditions thus produced, tomfooling around each others' wives; and the women in swaying gently (and, as the author seems to think, becomingly) on the verge of what is commonly known as adultery; or in discussing among themselves or with the men the precise degree to which they have yielded. I am sorry to use a blunt word for that which Mr. James surrounds and hedges about with his inimitable allusiveness; but from his lively and almost old-maidish joyousness in his characters' discreet play around the unmentionable, the conviction deepens in me that Mr. James is really growing to believe that a spade is not a spade if draped and carried into the drawing-room, but can be there discussed as something quite different: as thus—

> A woman like Lady Fanny can have no "grounds" for anything—for any indignation, I mean, or for any revenge worth twopence. In this particular case they've been sacrificed with such extravagance that, as an injured wife, she hasn't had the gumption to keep back an inch or two to stand on. . . . *Elle se les passe*—her little fancies!—She's a phenomenon, poor dear. And all with—what shall I call it?—the absence of haunting remorse of a good house-mother who makes the family accounts balance. . . . She has only just enough reflection to make out that it may some day be a little better for her that her husband shall, on his side too, have committed himself; and she's only in secret too pleased to be sure whom it is with.

In short, the whole atmosphere of this book beneath its elaborate and often exquisite writing is *sale* and stale to the last degree, and one's impression grows that Mr. James, while his characters "wonderfully glare" or throw up their heads and murmur "Beautiful!" honestly believes that for all their naughtiness they are on the whole something more than third-rate, are even, perhaps, rather fresh and dashing and distinguished. That the enormous amount of reservation necessary to make them presentable affords tremendous scope to his particular talent cannot, of course, be denied. But he seems to have reached the point of confusing an artist's gusto in triumphing over difficulties with a gusto in an unpleasant subject for its own sake. The reader cannot escape the conviction that Mr. James believes Vanderbank to be a bright and charming fellow: whereas neither does the story require Vanderbank to be better than worth kicking, nor can all the refinements of Mr. James's art present Vanderbank to the reader as better than worth kicking.

It would seem that most imaginative writers of real originality have only to follow their bent long enough and they run into an "awkward age." To such a period belongs, if not Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," at least his "Pursuit of the Well-beloved." To such a period, if we may seek the very highest precedent, belong Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," "Pericles," "Measure for Measure." The works which betray this Awkward Age have a flawed excellence, a moral kink or obliquity, which keeps them curious rather than great. The comfort is that the very originality which carries a man to this *mauvais pas* is almost necessarily strong enough to carry him beyond it. It sounds absurd to talk of Mr. James as an author likely to "find himself"; but I believe that to be the prospect before his admirers.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

DR. BRANDES ON IBSEN.

HENRIK IBSEN: B. BIÖRNSON. By George Brandes. Authorised Translation, revised by W. Archer. London: W. Heinemann.

THE Danish critic, Dr. Brandes, appears now to have conquered a certain reputation in this country, thanks to his painstaking and often ingenious "Study of Shakespeare." He was known, indeed, not unfavourably, to a few, when the picturesque volume which he dedicated to "Black Russia" had found its way into our language. But we imagine that the widest spread portrait—or shall we say caricature?—of one who in his own line is beyond question very able, was drawn by Dr. Max Nordau, and hung up in the gallery of "degenerates." It is quite true that the German doctor is no Christian, while the Dane records of himself incidentally that he has broken with his education and training, which is a roundabout way of saying the same thing. And as rebels to tradition both these disciples of culture should find themselves in one camp. But if they do, their quarters lie far apart. Dr. Nordau tells us

that Dr. Brandes is "one of the most repulsive literary phenomena of the century," a "sponger on the name and fame of other men," and even "a human orchestra," which is, we presume, being interpreted, a Jack of all trades. Introducing himself among the youth of Scandinavia, he has, we are informed, "made their systematic moral poisoning the task of his life." He has "turned the schoolroom into a tavern," and thus gained an influence which the "emptiness of thought and unending tattle" that distinguish his writings must have otherwise denied to them. Finally, and to our present purpose, "Brandes discovered in Ibsen a revolt against the prevailing moral law, and a glorification of brutal instincts; accordingly, despite Ibsen's amazing reactionary principles, he blazoned him forth as a 'modern spirit,' and with a sly wink, recommended him to the youths in search of knowledge whom he (Brandes) was serving as their *maître de plaisir*."

These sentences carry with them so libellous a sound that we must beg the courteous reader to look on them as quotations merely, which we do not make our own, but recite for his instruction and possibly for his amusement. On turning to the hundred and twenty pages now launched upon the world by Mr. William Archer, we feel bound to acknowledge that they are pleasantly written, suggestive, and not without attractions of their own, although much too slight to last. There is nothing in them profound or very original. And really that which seems to us their most remarkable feature is that they agree—not indeed with Dr. Nordau's estimate of Dr. Brandes, which it would probably be too much to hope for—but with the vehement critic's estimate of Ibsen. That highly flavoured essay on "Degeneration" summed up the Scandinavian dramatist as a mystic who could not get rid of his early Christian fancies, as a consummate playwright according to the strict standard of Aristotle, and as a disciple of anarchy bent on the transformation of inherited social usage. It is consoling to reflect that, after all, criticism cannot be the hollow personal prejudice some would have us conceive. For if two men, so bitterly opposed as Brandes and Nordau, agree in their verdict as regards Ibsen, manifestly they must be appealing to a something not themselves which makes for righteousness.

And they certainly are of one mind. We know the German juror's opinion. Here is the Dane's. Three times in thirty years or so, Dr. Brandes has put forth an account of Ibsen. The first "impression" is dated 1867, the second 1882, the last 1898. In 1867 Ibsen was unknown outside Scandinavia. He had composed not a single one of the prose-plays on which, as the world is generally agreed, his fame will at last depend. Only the fantastic and satirical "Brand" had thus far achieved a measure of success. And Dr. Brandes charges strongly against him. Ibsen, as he then described the poet, was an unripe man of letters, rebellious, violent, melancholy, with a gift of pathos, an imitative style, a lack of true refinement and healthy feeling. As an artist, he was abstract, thin, dry, formal, and too much in love with a "dead symmetry." The actions of his heroes were wanting in solid motives; Brand's assurance that he was in the right only made his audience indignant. But Ibsen could draw female characters to the life. Yet he lavished upon "worthless material," such as "Peer Gynt," a "wealth of poetry and a depth of thought" not discoverable in his earlier writings. He was "a Berserk fighting against self-delusion," a moralist when he should have aimed at being a creator. He indulged in contempt of the world as of himself, and his view of life was "unlovely and distorting." Even the "masterly details" which did him credit were clouded over by the "indistinct and unintelligible" of his allegoric machinery.

But when the second "impression" was taken in 1882, many things had happened. "A Doll's House" had excited attention as well as stirred up hatred, and "Ghosts" appeared to forebode a revolution in morals. During this long interval of fifteen years, Dr. Brandes, leaving behind him the "spiritual churches" that he once thought it well to uphold, had become excessively modern. He had corresponded with Ibsen at Rome, and Ibsen had frankly avowed his unconquerable detestation of the present order of things. The Paris Commune, he wrote in a humorous outburst, had spoilt a good idea which was his own; for, as he would always maintain, "the State was the curse of the individual"; it "had its root in time, and would ripe and rot in time." Nay, he added, "greater things will fall—religion, for example," and "neither moral conceptions nor the forms of art have an eternity in front of them." To which Dr. Brandes adds his belief that "Ibsen, in his own mind, pushes his individualism to an extreme of which his works give no adequate idea." Now, considering that these "works" proclaim the subversion of marriage, and take individual and instant pleasure for the standard of conduct, it would be difficult to imagine the extreme of which they give no idea. However, Dr. Brandes ought to know. And therefore he is not likely to cry out when Dr. Nordau reiterates his contention that in morals and philosophy the Scandinavian playwright is a champion of anarchist ideals.

Of course, it is not meant that he is revolutionary in the vulgar fashion which descends into the street. If he did, observes Dr. Brandes, he would get himself taken up—a satirical aside not unworthy to have been uttered by Dr. Relling, the cynic who amuses and convinces us in that extraordinary piece of self-criticism, "The Wild Duck." Ibsen declares for "liberty, not liberties." He does not pity the average man; he despises both him and the social order which is the bourgeois writ large. All that Ibsen cares for is a "revolution of the spirit of man," while he prizes in his own case isolation or independence, and declines to be at home anywhere. The consistent individual will not sacrifice liberty in any shape, neither to the State, nor to wife and children, nor to friendship. By this time, Ibsen had left long behind him, says Dr. Brandes, "history, saga, and fancy," which had furnished him with matter for his poems. He had found his characters and his method. A careful acquaintance with the Parisian stage had taught him the marvellous *technique* which we admire in "A Doll's House." And "Ghosts," on which Dr. Brandes fastened with genuine critical sagacity, was more than a defiance to the proprieties; it began the modern drama, distinct from every other which had gone before, palpitating with the actual, yet in its presentation artistic and, so to call it, a stage ideal.

Yet—and here is Dr. Nordau's thesis again—even though preaching in modern language to a world which was emancipating itself from its "ghosts," Ibsen remained a mystic. He might be anti-clerical, he was not able to live in the dry light of rationalism, but was ever falling into allegory, creating fresh symbols, and submitting, though unawares, to the romantic and religious tendencies which he had learnt from Kierkegard. At this point, Dr. Nordau's searching analysis of the Ibsen motives—confession, self-sacrifice, redemption—is, it should be candidly allowed, much deeper and more satisfactory than we can discover in the present volume. But the acknowledgment made by Dr. Brandes is surely enough. While the "individual"—always in Ibsen's plays a woman, except for the one instance of Brand—is aiming at complete and unfettered freedom, these old altruistic motives bring back a noble kind of slavery, of subjection to the law which demands suffering; and whereas Ibsen in his correspondence declaims against friendship as something "too expensive," his chosen heroines will sacrifice themselves and the world to love. It is an instructive paradox. But, in any case, the author does not emancipate his fancy from what we may term the Christian saga;

perhaps all he can do is to make it unlovely and to refract its rays in a turbid medium where half its charm is vanished.

The third "impression," belonging ot 1898, has not an air of retractation, but in describing the later plays, which we know so well, it exalts the dramatist, now seventy or more, as "the spirit of wisdom—of stern wisdom and radiant gentleness." Ibsen has attained, in "The Master Builder," in "John Gabriel Borkman," in "Rosmersholm," to a "deep compassion without relaxation of the moral fibre." It may be so. Undoubtedly, he is an accomplished master of the stage. Whether he is dominated by a "merciless love of truth" may be more open to question. We are told of Rebecca West that she is one of Ibsen's most admirable creations, that he explains and indirectly judges her. And how, pray? Dr. Brandes answers, "He has demonstrated to us the sound kernel, the purity, and, in the end, the greatness, which exist in this criminal, liar, and murderess." That is all extremely "modern"—as modern as Victor Hugo. But a repentance which proves itself by a double suicide is, Dr. Nordau would insist, somewhat degenerate. We venture to think so, too; and while we should be loth to talk of "systematic moral poisoning," we cannot but feel that many such sentences as the one which we have quoted would stamp a volume as neither mystic nor rationalist but anarchical.

A PHASE OF THE FORWARD POLICY.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR. By Colonel H. B. Hanna. Vol. I. London: A. Constable & Co.

COLONEL HANNA is known as the writer of some vigorous pamphlets against the "Forward Policy" in India, and in the preface to this volume he explains how they came to be written. He had taken part in the war of 1878–80, and he set to work upon a history of it. He made a thorough study of the antecedents of that war, and the more he studied them the stronger grew his disapproval of it. And it was not merely a question of the past. The ideas which had led to it were still in the ascendent, and threatened to embroil us afresh with the tribes of the North-West frontier. So he turned aside from his main task in 1894, and engaged in controversy on the present bearings of the question. The same preoccupation has now led him to publish the first volume of his history, though it brings him down only to the beginning of hostilities. Those who turn to it for military achievements will be disappointed. It is almost wholly occupied with the causes of the war, from 1855 onward. It is extremely well written; it gives evidence of great industry; it is also marked by fairness in the statement of facts adverse to the writer's view; but its general tone is that of the advocate or pamphleteer, rather than of the historian.

What is the danger from Russia in India? How should it be met? Has our course of action towards the Amir been wise or foolish? These are questions about which high authorities differ. But even those who would answer them in the same way as Colonel Hanna may yet feel that what he terms the "gift of sympathetic imagination" has made him judge Shere Ali too favourably, and that there was no need to use such words as "false" and "cruel" about the British line of argument with him. Most readers will go along with Colonel Hanna in what he has to say about the action of the Disraeli Cabinet in 1875, when they decided that British officers should be placed at Herat and elsewhere, against the opinion of the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, and his Council. The home Government may be a useful check upon a too forward policy in India, but it cannot safely play the part of goad. As the author points out, it was the symptoms of disturbance in European Turkey which led to these steps to watch Russian progress in Central Asia; but the ball, once set rolling, and placed at the foot of a less cautious Viceroy, was not to be arrested by the home Government when it wished to arrest it.

At the same time it is quite clear that Shere Ali's estrangement was by no means wholly due to this new departure. He had himself been alarmed about Russia, and had asked for British protection in 1873; and his own envoy had suggested that a temporary military mission to the frontier might be admitted. His grievances were of a more personal kind. As the same envoy afterwards said, "The Amir had lost his confidence in the British Government since Lord Northbrook meddled in the matter of his son Yakub Khan, and sent presents, without his consent, to the Governor of Wakhan." He had been irritated also at the refusal to pledge British support to him against all his enemies, internal and external, and at the Seistan award. He wanted, in fact, to use the British power for his own purposes, and his friendliness was to be secured only at a price which no British Government could pay.

This Colonel Hanna recognises, and, in his view, the true policy was that of Lord Lawrence: to abstain from all entanglements in Afghanistan, but to give the Amir a liberal subsidy, unaccompanied by pledges or conditions. It is to be remembered, however, that Lawrence was not entirely content with this line of action, or inaction. In 1869 he and his Council suggested that the Court of St. Petersburg should be "given to understand, in firm but courteous language, that it could not be permitted to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan." If, as he sometimes seemed to hold, the Russians would only harm themselves by intruding upon so poor and difficult a country with so brave and fanatical a population, this grave intimation was needless; and it would become ineffectual as a restraint whenever the collision of interests in other parts of the world made Russia face the prospect of war with Great Britain. But the fact is, Lawrence was a practical statesman; and while his disposition to narrow rather than extend our Indian responsibilities always remained the same, his attitude towards Afghanistan varied with circumstances. He was unwilling to have any dealings with the Amir in 1855, and signed the treaty with reluctance; while in 1857, at the crisis of the Mutiny, he wished to hand Peshawar over to him.

Passing from the causes to the preparations for the war, Colonel Hanna argues with much force that "Lord Lytton, so far from being able to claim for his policy the excuse of opportunity, lies open to the charge of having forced on an unjust and unnecessary war at a singularly unfavourable moment." He lays the blame on three men who had Lord Lytton's ear: Colley, Cavagnari, and Lord Roberts, who was at that time Quartermaster-General. The opinions of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Haines, and of the military member of the Council, Sir Samuel Browne, were disregarded. But this seems to be based on private papers entrusted to Colonel Hanna, and the reader must be content to take his word for it. He himself accompanied General Biddulph's column in its march through the Bolan to Quetta, and gives a most graphic picture of its sufferings in crossing the sandy desert. Things improved when the mountains were reached:—"The days and nights were still oppressively hot, but there was a slight touch of crispness in the air at dawn. The scenery was magnificent, especially at sunrise and sunset, when the stony valleys were filled with golden light and the hilltops stood out rose-coloured against the cloudless sky; but the beauty was terrible in its loneliness and silence; nowhere was there a sign of animal or vegetable life—no house, no tree, no hum of insect, no twitter of bird."

A map might as well have been given, and the index might be improved. For instance, "Russia. Shere Ali.—Efforts to obtain British petition against, 34–43" is rather obscure. But those who have read this first volume will welcome the second.

A B C.

THE HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET: AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF LETTERS. By Isaac Taylor, Litt.D., Canon of York. New Edition. 2 vols. London: Edward Arnold.

THE republication after sixteen years in an almost unaltered form of a work of profound erudition bristling with matter for controversy is an almost conclusive testimony to its soundness and general acceptance. We cannot, indeed, agree with Canon Taylor that the fact of experts having left his views on some nice points connected with the Glagolitic alphabets without notice is any proof of their having accepted them; but more important points have actually sustained the discussion which they have invited, and Canon Taylor feels entitled to republish his views without the apprehension of serious contradiction from any quarter. It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed examination of a standard work which has undergone such slight modification; but, for the information of those to whom Canon Taylor's theory of the history of the alphabet is unknown, it may be desirable to state that he supports the opinion of De Rougé, the illustrious French Egyptologist, who derives the Phœnician alphabet, admittedly the progenitor of all *bonâ fide* alphabetical writing, from Egypt. In this De Rougé merely restores the current classical tradition, which had been rejected for the apparently sound reason that the Phœnician character bears no resemblance either to Egyptian hieroglyphics or to the hieratic character in its demotic form. The discovery of a far more ancient style of hieratic writing, with considerable affinity to the Phœnician script, has invalidated these apparently unanswerable arguments, and, although some difficulties remain, there seems little doubt that alphabetic writing came into being in Egypt about 1800 B.C., and was adopted by the Phœnicians, and imparted by them to the Greeks about nine hundred years afterwards. Canon Taylor's work also contains a fair amount of information respecting non-alphabetic systems, such as the abbreviated hieroglyphic of China, and the syllabaries of Japan and Assyria. The general reader may be assured that he will find the book much more entertaining than might have been expected on account of the number of curious and amusing facts which enliven the discussion of an abstruse subject; such as the explanation of the position of Z, the sixth letter among the Greeks, at the tail of the Roman alphabet, and the mention of the curious fact that, of all English letters, it is the only one that retains its Phœnician name (tzaddi).

THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON. Translated and abridged by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. London: W. Heinemann.

"UN Tacite au naturel et à bride abattue"—so Sainte-Beuve characterises the Duc de Saint-Simon, and again he notes something Shakespearian in him. An English critic might find a touch of Pepys and Boswell, he has the startling frankness of the one, and the inimitable word-painting of the other—not that he sums up the characteristics of all those famous writers, not that he is the equal of Tacitus or Shakespeare. Indeed, in one way he is as unlike Tacitus as possible: the great Roman reveals to you the character of a man, the nature of a scene by a lightning flash, he puts everything into a few terrible words, he stamps the essentials on your mind; evolve the details if you choose. Saint-Simon's method is the very opposite; his pictures are mosaics of a thousand pieces, he paints you every detail about the person and his environment; not character alone, but dress, habits, tricks of manner, whims—everything! His descriptions have a sort of inevitable force; you can't help believing the people were exactly as described; impossible to read between the lines and get impressions other than the writer wishes to convey! And his length? Here twenty volumes are abridged into four, but the abridgment is by selection, not condensation. The Duc's chief characters are painted in thousands of words, not that he is verbose, it is merely his method of detail that requires so much space.

If we look at the work from outside, we find some confirmation of its truth in the history of the manuscript. After much preparation Saint-Simon began his "Memoirs" as we now have them in 1738 or '39, and never quite left them alone till near the end in 1755. Notwithstanding the claims of relatives the Government seized the papers for its archives. A great many famous people had a peep, Madame de Pompadour, Horace Walpole, Voltaire; much of the contents filtered into the histories of the period, though it was not till 1856 that the first complete edition appeared. Why a century's secrecy, unless the State were afraid of the truth? Saint-Simon, in those memoirs, paints himself almost unconsciously. It is the portrait of a high-minded nobleman, a man with all the courtly grace of the period of the *Grand Monarque*, a defender of the Gallic church against Ultramontanism, a hater of persecution even of the Huguenots, with whom he had little sympathy, a man who had even a thought to spare for those wretched peasants whose intolerable sufferings were within half a century to create a social earthquake, terrible enough to destroy that gay, gilded society in which Saint-Simon moved. The Duc was in the very centre of all he describes; he fought in the army, he lived at the court, he intrigued with the best; and of all that stately but, for the most part, frivolous and selfish life, he was not merely one of the actors, but the keen and interested observer. His are not recollections written in after years and seen through the cold light of an old man's memory; they are things noted whilst the mind of the writer, aye, the very hand that held the pen, was still quivering with the excitement of the moment—to use a vulgarism, the dish is served to you "piping hot," hence its savour, its life-like reality.

The whole brilliant court and society of Louis XIV. unrolls itself before us. There are portraits of all sorts and conditions of men: the Archbishop of Cambrai (not the colourless shade whom we imagine as the creator of the insipid *Télémaque*, but a real flesh and blood being, with human faults and failings, and yet a noble character at bottom), Madame de Sévigné, Delfine the Nuncio, Le Nôtre the architect, the Abbesse de Fontevrault, Fagon the king's physician, Bossuet the Bishop of Meux, Ninon de l'Enclos ("a fresh example of the triumph of vice conducted with intelligence and redeemed by some virtue"), Vendôme, Madame de Maintenon, the Abbot Rancé of La Trappe (though he considers the name of the last almost too sacred for his frivolous page), are but a few figures. These are all people outside the Royal circle, and of course his portraits of Louis le Grand, his son Monseigneur, his grandson the Duc de Bourgogne, and the princes and princesses of the blood royal are still more elaborate. Perhaps as favourable an example of his method as any is the account of the illness and death of the Dauphin in 1711. Shortly after Easter in that year, the Prince on his way to Meudon met a priest bearing the host to the bedside of a dying man. Stopping to adore, he asked concerning the man's illness; being told it was small-pox he became greatly alarmed, expressed fears for himself and presently fell ill. He was soon in a dangerous condition, but recovered. All at once the illness increased, the attendants and physicians, losing their heads, heaped remedies on remedies without waiting the results. The Vicar of Meudon, coming in almost by chance, gave him absolution. Fagon, the Court physician, blurted out the news to the king, who became like one beside himself. "The princesses divided their cares between the dying man and the king, returning frequently to the latter, while the faculty confounded, the valets

distracted, the courtiers muttering, pushed one against the others and walked about incessantly but without changing place." At last the fatal moment came. Fagon came out and made it known. At Versailles the news was like a thunder-clap, for nothing had been suspected, and as the night fell there was strange disorder and confusion. With an artfulness so ingenious that you cannot say whether the incident is introduced on purpose, the effect of the whole scene is inconceivably heightened by a strange comic touch of a worthy Swiss guard wakened from his sleep in the midst of the confusion of the ladies of the court. Everybody followed the king to court, and the dead body at Meudon was abandoned. It was hurriedly wrapped in a shroud by the floor rubbers, or by the men who brought the coffin; an old parish pall was thrown over it, and at night it was pitched into the vault at Saint Denis without, for the time at least, any sort of obsequies. Long afterwards mourning services were held at Saint Denis and Nôtre Dame. What brutality and callousness lay so little below the surface!

TRUE EDUCATION.

Social Phases of Education in the School and the Home. By Samuel T. Dutton. London: Macmillan & Co.

It is hardly a far-fetched idea to conceive of the soul of the young American as fought for by two great forces—one of them personified by (say) the Standard Oil Trust, and the other by Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and the intellectual descendants of those writers. Mr. Samuel T. Dutton is no mean fighter upon the side of the angels. "We must look to the schools, public and private," says Mr. Dutton, "to so counteract and cure moral disease in its incipient forms as to afford to all our youth a fundamental training in habitual morality." In order to enforce this sound view of life, Mr. Dutton has lectured during the past two years at Harvard, Chicago, and Boston Universities upon the problems of modern education. "Social Phases of Education" consists partly of chapters which have been selected from those lectures, and readers of the book will feel sincerely grateful to the colleagues and friends who urged Mr. Dutton to publish it.

Throughout a volume of singular charm the influence of the Herbartian theory of education is everywhere present. Indeed, Mr. Dutton grasps so clearly the extent of the debt of gratitude which modern school teachers owe to Herbart for his enunciation of the fact that true education is "character building," that he has wisely entitled an excellent chapter "The Modern School, and what it owes to Froebel and Herbart." It would be difficult to find more sane or more earnest writing about education as a cure for crime than that which Mr. Dutton has placed upon pp. 218 and 219 of his book. But he is not less good in dealing with the question of technical education. "It is indeed pitiful to see our American young men pleading for the opportunity to work, and yet failing to find employment because their hands are untrained. Not only in the city, but in the country also, there is need of special training. The hard times that our New England farmers are undergoing are not due entirely to the tariff, and certainly not to the lack of silver dollars."

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Dutton's book is that its sections are all too short. For instance, his essay upon the correlation of educational forces in the community occupies about fourteen pages. But it must be admitted that this brevity is due to the specialist's modesty, and not to any lack of power or material In an age when any well-meaning book is apt to meet with over-indulgent estimation, it is difficult to "appreciate" such a volume as that now before us without appearing to use extravagant terms. But it would be doing less than justice to Mr. Samuel Dutton to abstain from saying that his achievement is one of great and permanent value. The parson or the teacher who can rise from the perusal of it without feeling that he has gained in breadth of view and grasp of principle is probably a pitiful creature.

THE LATEST ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

A Thousand Days in the Arctic. By Frederick G. Jackson, Knight, First Class, of the Royal Order of St. Olaf; Gold Medallist of the Geographical Society of Paris; Hon. Corresponding Member of the American Geographical Society; Hon. Corresponding Member of the Società Geografica Italiana; and Author of "The Great Frozen Land," etc. With Preface by Admiral Sir F. Leopold M'Clintock, K.C.B., F.R.S., LL.D. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author and Drawings by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., Clifford Carleton, Harry C. Edwards, and F. W. Frohawk, from Data furnished by the Author. With Five Original Maps. 2 vols. London and New York: Harper Brothers.

This narrative of Polar adventure is, as far as regards the formal programme of the expedition, the record of a failure. Intended as but a stepping-stone to the Farther North, Franz Josef Land proved its goal. From Cape Fligely, 82° 5′ N., Payer descried to the north "Petermann Land" stretching away beyond the 83rd parallel, and to the north-west "King Oscar Land," also trending northwards, and transferred them both as solid land into his map. Here, then, Arctic geographers concluded, was a land route to the Pole, or, at least, the most feasible route to the Farthest North. On making trial of it, the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition found Payer's two north-trending lands both dissolve into cloudland, and the "continent" of Franz Josef Land resolve into an archipelago of comparatively small islands. Low-lying and sharply defined mists in the Arctic account for the illusion of the Austrian explorer, who has done inestimable service for geography. Planned on the understanding that its progress was to be in the main by sledging over land, the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition was on its northward mission arrested by the barrier of wide waters at comparatively low latitudes. Yet many a miss has turned out a success beyond the value even of a mission accomplished. And the transformation effected by the expedition in the geography of Franz Josef Land, as also the copious data and collections it has brought home respecting the geology, botany, zoology, meteorology, magnetism, etc., of the most northerly land known in the eastern half of the Polar basin should amply compensate the generous patron and the able conductors for missing the Pole and yielding to Nansen the honours of the Farthest North. The writer has chosen to distribute the narrative in diary form. Appropriate as it might be in the way of detailed official report, a file of three times 365 entries does not readily yield a *tout-ensemble* view. To pay out a long narrative in daily instalments seems as artless and tedious as to pay a costly debt in pence rather than in paper. More, however, than would a methodic description, the diary gives a realistic presentation of the progress of events, and makes the reader a participant in the experiences of the expedition.

By the middle of September, 1894, the expedition established itself in its log hut named Elmwood, fifty feet above sea level under Cape Flora, 1,300 feet high, in the island of Northbrook. After a trial trip, in which it made a depôt of provisions in Hooker Island, the expedition on 16th April (when perpetual daylight begins) made start, and pushed along 270 miles of newly unveiled coast, east of a channel which the leader named the British Channel, wide as the English Channel. At its northern end it issued into a sea which the leader named Queen Victoria Sea. Next year this sea was again sighted from the summit of Cape Richthofen, spreading out to the north far as eye could range, and striking to the west at its southern end, against the glacial precipices of the land hemming in the British

Channel on that side. Into this sea the leader would fain have dumped the *Windward*, which, in the spring of 1896, would have enjoyed a clear run north to a considerable distance. The eastern coast of the British Channel, eternally grim and ice-bound, now "rejoices" in genial Anglian names—Koettlitz Island, Markham Sound, Capes Armitage, Fisher, McClintock, Cecil Rhodes Fjord, etc. A second venture of the same year—July 11 to August 12—opened up a new country to the west—Capes Crowther and Neale, Cambridge Bay, with Cape Nansen, Capes Ludlow, Lofley, and Mary Harmsworth—the last 2,000 feet high, and the most westerly point of Franz Josef Land. In August, 1897, the expedition steamed fifty miles north-west of this last cape. Three days after leaving Cape Neale the expedition was tossed about sleepless and foodless by a gale which blew them fifty miles out to sea. In 1896 and 1897 further explorations were made of the British Channel. In all journeys, sometimes for more than twenty-four hours at a stretch, over most formidable glacier-land, the expedition diligently and heroically determined latitudes and longitudes, heights of capes, etc., mapped coasts, made scientific examinations and collections. The geographical achievements of the expedition can be visually appraised by comparing the map of Franz Josef Land in 1894 with that in 1897.

Not forgetful of his scientific mission, the leader was yet able to gratify his sporting taste. The magnificent game list, falling chiefly to his gun, must rouse longings in many a British sportsman for a lodge in those far hunting grounds. The sport contributed, if not much directly to science, at least much to the game and vitality, and so also to the efficiency of the expedition. Nor even in sport was science forget. Before shooting his game, the shooter would contrive to get also a snap-shot of him. The reader has to admire the strenuous cheerfulness maintained all through the three years' icy solitude, allowing not an hour's illness to a single member of the expedition. In the intervals of duty through the four months' dreary night of winter, the expedition entertained itself by ski-ing, football, concerts, and bagatelle. Nor in the far north did the expedition fall short of the standard of English civilisation at home. Not even 46° below zero excused the leader from his daily wash, and that stripping naked to the waist. At the meeting of Nansen and Jackson—a meeting far eclipsing professional romance—the former, encrusted deep in grime and grease, shaggy and uncombed, could not enough admire the latter in his check suit, trim, and well-shaven, with an air about him of scented soap.

PRACTICAL SERMONS.

THE UNHEEDING GOD. By Thomas G. Selby. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS collection of twenty sermons, which bears the title of the first sermon, will give instruction and inspiration, from its first page to its last, to every reader who has a liking for original thought and distinctive style. The subjects treated are so varied that no attempt can here be made to indicate the contents of the volume. All that can be done is to suggest the characteristics of the writer's ideas and language. The volume is practical rather than doctrinal. It deals with the physiology, and often also with the pathology, of the religious life, more than with the problems of religious thought. In this treatment it displays a keen insight and a searching knowledge as regards the morbid as well as the healthy states of the human soul. One cannot but feel sometimes, however, that there is an excess of severity and a defect of sympathy in the writer's judgments. The often perilous, if sometimes legitimate, weapon of ridicule is now and then too freely used; there is sometimes irritating hardness rather than persuasive sweetness of tone. A single thought, briefly but clearly expressed in one of the striking titles which are a distinct merit of the book, is explained and illustrated in each sermon, which usually consists of a series of separate reflections rather than of a development of continuous interpretation. The absence of distinctly marked divisions in most of the sermons makes it more difficult to remember their contents than need be; the preacher who wishes his teaching to be remembered as well as enjoyed should not scorn this help to memory. The style is marked by vigour and variety, force and fulness. The writer has command of an abundant vocabulary, and of multitudinous illustrations. The vocabulary is usually thoroughly effective and the illustrations markedly appropriate, the ways of nature and the works of man alike being fitly brought forth from this scribe's ample treasure. But sometimes, it must be confessed, there are synonyms which are not necessary, and epithets that are not inevitable; the sentences drag heavily with their burden of long words; while the illustrations are not always as choice as might be desired without making any undue demand for dignity in the pulpit. To give only one instance. One feels a slight shock of discomfort when God is compared, even although it is in ridiculing a wrong attitude of soul, to a business man who runs off for a holiday without leaving any address, so that he may be undisturbed by letters and telegrams. The writer's attitude to Biblical criticism is not altogether consistent. He seems to admit the probability of many of its conclusions, but ignores some of its most assured results in dealing with passages of the Old Testament. If Moses is the author of Deuteronomy, as is assumed, is he to be held responsible for the whole Pentateuch? If he is, can the writer legitimately say that "Moses simplified saving duty"? The book suggests at times such questions without supplying an answer. Its many excellences, however, more than make up for its few defects.

A GREAT MASONIC GUILD.

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS. By Leader Scott. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE lady who is known in current literature as "Leader Scott" has written much about Italy, and few members of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, of Florence, can have given more attention to questions connected with the history of Italian architecture than their honorary colleague of English origin. It is therefore natural enough that Leader Scott should have been tempted to undertake a long and laborious task in honour of her favourite subjects, and to give to the world a burly tome, illustrated with eighty-three plates which form a superb gallery of pictures of architectural work and art. "The Cathedral Builders" would be well worthy of a place upon the shelves of lovers of ecclesiastical architecture if it included no letterpress at all. For some of its plates are really wonderfully good. We particularly like a view of the small cloister of the Certosa of Pavia (in which tier after tier of buildings is seen, through the cloister arches, to rise beyond an inner garden), and a beautiful representation of the front of the Palazzo Pubblico at Perugia.

But Leader Scott's new book is much more than an excuse for presenting the public with an admirably chosen collection of views of architectural marvels. "The Cathedral Builders" is an elaborate, and in some respects an ingenious, attempt to prove that the Comacine masters were the true mediæval link between Classic and Renaissance art. Leader Scott is even tempted to hope that she has shown that the famous artists, around whom different schools of Renaissance art arose, were brethren of a guild, that this great organisation was one with the "Comacines" of Lombard times, and that the Lombard guild derived its traditions, if not its actual being, from the Roman public architects.

She may justly claim to have advanced with some skill, and with much appearance of painstaking research, a plausible answer to the question of how the results of the great church-building era (1100–1500) sprang up simultaneously in so many countries of different climates, and how it happens that these results were universally "similar to each other at similar times."

Under the Romans Como was a colony ruled by a prefect, and the city was for a long time large and flourishing. Pliny the Younger speaks highly of a Comacine architect in writing to him about the restoration of a temple. At another time Pliny speaks somewhat specifically of the many architectural triumphs which embellished Como and its neighbourhood. The territory was probably highly privileged, for long ages after (962) Otho confirmed to its citizens exemptions from military service and taxation which seem to have been ancient. Four centuries before Otho we find the island of Comacina used as a strong place of refuge, and only subjugated by Authari after six months' siege. Under Christianised Lombard rulers the Comacine masters became active and influential builders ("again," says Leader Scott), and some of the Comacine work of the first or Roman-Lombard style remains to do honour to those who produced it. (Among the illustrations which Leader Scott gives us is a plate of "ancient" crosses sculptured in Monza Cathedral.) In, and perhaps after, the Lombard era, architecture was to the Comacine masters essentially a medium for symbolism, both *ermetica* and *orfica*. The rounded apse of the earlier churches referred to the head of Christ, the threefold nave was eloquent of the "orthodox" doctrine of the Trinity. On the eleventh- and twelfth-century façades of S. Michele at Pavia, and S. Zenone at Verona, the figures of the chase are symbolical. Sometimes a sculptured huntsman is the faithful Christian, driving out heresies! In a word, an Italian ecclesiastical architect—in the twelfth, as in the seventh, century—had a high purpose in his work, and looked upon art as a handmaid to theology.

The greater part of Leader Scott's book has this in common with a good novel, that it should be read, and not written about in a limited space. As soon as the authoress begins to treat of what she believes to have been the foreign emigrations of Comacine masters, she touches upon innumerable points of interest to students of history and art; *e.g.* modern Freemasons should be particularly glad to notice the information given at pp. 16–20. One of Leader Scott's most fascinating chapters is that upon "the Norman link"; and the five chapters of the section "Romanesque Architects" are a valuable book in themselves. "The Cathedral Builders" has a lengthy index; and Leader Scott mentions the works of previous toilers in the field of early ecclesiastical art. Merzario's "I Maestri Comacini" may well be read *after* "The Cathedral Builders," if English students are not satisfied with one ponderous volume upon the subject.

FICTION.

THE PURITANS. By Arlo Bates. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

A MODERN MERCENARY. By K. and Hesketh Prichard. ("E. and H. Heron.") London: Smith, Elder & Co.

SHUEYPINGSIN. A Story made from the Chinese Romance "Haoukewchuen." By an Englishman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

THERE is a great deal of cleverness in the too-voluminous pages of "The Puritans"; and when Mr. Arlo Bates has learnt by an extended experience what to keep out as well as what to put in a work of fiction, he will undoubtedly produce a novel of exceptional merit. As it is, "The Puritans" suffers from excessive length, and an over-elaboration of detail which becomes a little tedious. But it is exceedingly well-written; it is full of strenuous emotion, of keen observation, of brilliant analysis of motive, and the glow of life pervades the whole story to a remarkable degree. Boston is the scene wherein the tale chiefly moves, and the children of New England are the actors of this poignant drama of modern existence in its most complicated form. The heroes are twain, but with each of them the crucial question has become this: Shall they continue in their career of monastic celibacy in the Clergy House of St. Mark's, or shall they throw off clerical fetters and plunge boldly into the ordinary and permitted joys of life? Each man is beset with the same temptation to break his vows as a professed deacon of the Church—or rather, as a faithful adherent to High Church tenets in their ultra-ascetic stage of development, for Father Frontford, the head of the Clergy House, inculcates priestly celibacy as a *sine quâ non*, and the young men have accepted his arrogant dictum as binding on their consciences. But an unavoidable period of contact with "the world," and its very charming embodiment in the seductive persons of two lovely women in Boston, has shaken the stern resolution of Philip Ashe and Maurice Wynne. Ashe discovers that he loves Mrs. Fenton, a beautiful widow, while Wynne falls desperately in love with Berenice Morison, a lovely and cultured girl. The history of the fierce struggle between passion and conscience in the breasts of the young deacons forms the staple thread of the narrative, and is most graphically depicted by Mr. Bates, whose incisive style and sense of humour lend additional interest to such a story of human emotion as can never fail to prove intrinsically interesting. The struggle ends for one man happily, for the other tragically, according to the dominant strength of human passion in the one, and of priestly prejudice in the other. "The Puritans" is essentially a study of conflicting temperaments, and the analysis of each is wrought out unflinchingly and with delicate skill. As we have said, the book is far too long for absolute success, but nevertheless it presents features of distinct merit. It is written with ease, with feeling, and occasionally with a flash of brilliant insight. Mr. Bates should go far.

An excellent specimen of romantic fiction of the favourite modern type is provided in "A Modern Mercenary," a novel which we owe to the skilful pens of two writers who have hitherto been known to the public under the pseudonyms of "E. and H. Heron." Here are to be found all the most necessary ingredients of a really exciting romance—a bustling and complicated plot, clear-cut characterisation, vividly dramatic situations, and a style at once dashing and simple. The result is a story that must commend itself to all lovers of the kind of fiction which Mr. Anthony Hope brought into vogue, for few of his numerous imitators have so successfully caught the secret of the glamour proper to such tales of chivalry and intrigue. The hero of "A Modern Mercenary" is an English gentleman, John Rallywood by name, of broken fortunes but unblemished honour, who, urged by poverty, has accepted service with a Foreign Power, and whom, therefore, we find at the beginning of the story in the position of a lieutenant of frontier cavalry in the tiny independent state of Maäsau. The exact locality of Maäsau is but vaguely indicated by the authors, who tell us that it is "not very noticeable even on the largest-sized map of Europe"; but we gather that it is of sufficient importance politically to be regarded as a bone of contention between the great European Powers. A lively intrigue is, in fact, raging in Révonde, the capital of the little State, at the period when the story opens, and John Rallywood, the "mercenary," has just been recalled from his post on the frontier in order to be offered a far more desirable appointment in the bodyguard of the Grand Duke. All this affair is managed by M. Selpdorf, the very astute Chancellor who sways the feeble-minded Grand Duke in accordance with his own designs, and Rallywood's advance is inspired

by Selpdorf's own ambitious projects. The young man, indeed, soon finds out for himself that he is intended to be used as a convenient tool by the unscrupulous Chancellor, whose keen judgment of character has pointed to the brave and chivalrous Englishman as the very man he needs for the accomplishment of his dark and tortuous intrigues. True to his oath of allegiance, Rallywood carries out to the letter his instructions from the crafty Selpdorf, risking in the process his own life over and over again, even after that life has become precious in his eyes for the sake of the love he bears to Valerie, the beautiful daughter of his political chief. But the splendid fidelity of the young Englishman is destined in the end to meet with a more fitting reward than the ignominious death as a traitor to which Selpdorf has not scrupled to expose him; and the reader parts with brave John Rallywood under the happiest auspices of successful love and merited fortune. The story is admirably told, and rushes along with irresistible spirit, whilst almost every page opens out some startling development of the political intrigue, in the web of which we see Rallywood caught ever closer and more inextricably. For a hero so chivalrous and single-minded is provided the most charming of heroines in the person of Valerie Selpdorf, whose noble nature is portrayed in very attractive colours. "A Modern Mercenary" will undoubtedly win favour as a novel of uncommon vigour and vivacity.

The translator or, rather, adapter of the amusing little story of Chinese life entitled "Shueypingsin" tells us in a prefatory note that the original romance was translated into English more than a hundred years ago, and that the present version is considerably abridged from the lengthy Chinese novel in question. The story is distinctly diverting, and conveys in the airiest manner a vivid impression of the infinite cunning that marks the Heathen Chinee to this day. Shueypingsin, we learn, was a beauty of the days contemporary with our Queen Elizabeth, and her beauty was only equalled by her wit. The latter quality came very usefully to Shueypingsin's aid on many occasions here set forth; for she was constantly in danger of being forcibly abducted with a view to matrimony with the wicked Kwokitsu, who desired to obtain possession of her purse and person. With all the invincible armoury of female artfulness, strengthened by her racial dower of Chinese cunning, the fair Shueypingsin fought valiantly, and in the end victoriously, against her only less artful foe; and we leave her comfortably espoused to a handsome youth of irreproachable character. The little book is mainly interesting on account of the light it casts on various quaint Chinese customs, and on the inflexibly rigid code of etiquette devised by the tortuous mind of the yellow man to meet every conceivable crisis in human existence.

MORE JULY REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE strength of *The National Review* is in its special subjects, but it is good all round this month. We are mercifully spared any comment on the Transvaal crisis, except in the chronicle called "Greater Britain," which, of course, is Jingo. Mr. Bernhard Ringrose Wise, sometime Attorney-General for Victoria, and remembered by old Oxford men as one of the ablest of Union orators, writes on the history of the Australian Federal movement, wherein he himself has played no unimportant part; Admiral Maxse keeps up the history of the Dreyfus case and its developments, and Mr. Conybeare writes on the efforts of Anti-Semitism in Algeria. The Rev. H. H. Henson writes on the British Sunday, tracing the development of Sunday observance, and concluding, very sensibly, that a Sunday which is only an additional Bank Holiday is worse than useless to the worker; and literature is well represented by Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Southey's Letters and Miss Jane Barlow's tragic poem of Irish life. For Liberals the most interesting part of the number will probably be the triplet of declarations from three Conservative M.P.'s that the Unionist party is not committed to a State provision of Old-Age Pensions, and must not be. The Conservatives will not stand them, says Mr. Whitmore; they will check certain excellent voluntary schemes, says Sir John Dorington; Mr. Booth's scheme is a *reductio ad absurdum*, and any scheme will alienate Conservative votes, according to Mr. Edward Bond. And so that item disappears from the social programme of the Unionists.

The Atlantic Monthly is excellent, as usual. Dr. Cunningham's article expounds the sane and sober form of English Imperialism, and traces it largely to the influence of the late Professor Seeley; and Mr. Charles Johnston says that "the true American spirit in literature" means "floods of light, meagre colouring, no atmosphere at all." We hope America can do better than that; it sounds only fit for the moon. "Vernon Lee's" impressions of England on arrival from Italy are graphic and truthful; Prince Kropotkin's account of his escape, thrilling. "A Colonial Diary," by a Quakeress of the pre-revolutionary period, is curious; and there is an important paper by Mr. H. H. Furness, "The Plot of *Much Ado About Nothing*."

The North American Review and *The Forum* are also excellent, but must pass with unduly brief notice. In the former Mr. Swinburne describes in verse "A Channel Passage, 1855," which we think he has described elsewhere in prose. The verse is spirited; the natural phenomena described are not quite explicable to sailors. There is an appeal to the American people to join Russia rather than England; an important article by Dr. Barry on so-called "Americanism" in the Roman Church, and articles by the Baroness von Süttner on the Peace Conference and by Andrew Lang on Golf. In *The Forum* Mr. H. W. Lucy reviews (hopefully, on the whole) the prospect of Lord Rosebery's return to the Premiership, and the Hon. Truxtun Beale argues that the Tropics may be made habitable, nay, even healthy, for the white race; and Signor Lombroso explains that Columbus was a little mad.

A group of magazines and reviews whose contents are of very unequal merit must also pass with brief notice. In *The Humanitarian* Professor Meldola sketches in a profoundly interesting article the latest developments of our knowledge of protective coloration in insects. Not merely do insects resemble their surroundings (as everyone knows), and use their resemblance to entrap their unwary prey, but species resemble other species of different orders, less eatable or more predatory; but since the distasteful species are tasted by young birds in their first inexperience, the resemblances distribute the risk, and distastefulness becomes associated with certain general types—which is advantageous all round: all which, of course, makes for the theory of Final Causes in its modern, which is very like its Aristotelian, form. In *The New Century Review* we may commend Mr. T. H. Escott's gossipy article on the relaxation of Sunday observance—even in the popular type of sermon. In *The New Ireland Review* a poem in Irish, extolling that language, may interest Celtic scholars; and Mr. F. D. Daly writes with knowledge and sympathy as to the need of further and more discriminative protection for children, particularly in Ireland.

The Public Schools Magazine appeals to boys and parents alike. Liverpool College and the Royal Naval School at Eltham are attractively described this month; so is a school of a different order, the National Refuges at Bisley. But perhaps the most interesting item in the number is the account of the cruise of a select party of public school boys in the North Sea, in the hospital ship of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. What opportunities of miscellaneous experience fall to the lot of the modern boy!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Sir Michael Foster is responsible for the latest volume in the series devoted to Masters of Medicine. Singularly little is known in this country, and for the matter of that, not much across the Channel, of the personal side of the great career of Claude Bernard, of the College de France. His place as a pioneer in physiology is recognised by every scientific expert in Europe, for his discoveries in regard to the action of the vaso-motor nerves and intestinal digestion were, in truth, epoch-making, so far as medical science is concerned. Like Faraday, whom in many respects he resembled, and not least in simplicity of character and in disdain of self-advertisement, Claude Bernard was one of those people who justify the old saying that the strong man, like the waterfall, cuts his own way. He was born in obscurity, in 1813, in a corner of rural France. His father was little more than a peasant-proprietor of a small vineyard in the Beaujolais district, and it looked as if the boy was foredoomed to spend his days as an unknown tiller of the soil. The village *curé* saw his ability, however, and stretched out a hand of help. He taught the boy Latin, and sent him in due course to the Jesuit school in the neighbouring town of Villefrance. There Claude Bernard justified his presence so well that the ambition of a small household amongst the vines was stirred, with the result that the young scholar was sent to the University of Lyons. The glamour of the city was too strong for the lad. He became stage-struck, and must needs be a dramatist. Meanwhile he had become something quite as useful, though more humble—a skilled dispenser to a pharmaceutical chemist. He had two friends in Lyons—both of them as ambitious as himself. They all three agreed that Paris was alone worthy of their presence, and they determined to push their fortunes in the capital. Then they drifted apart, until many years afterwards they met by chance in the Place de Panthéon, and proceeded to compare notes. The first was a railway director, alert and prosperous; the second was a bishop, with the Church if not the world at his feet, and the third was Claude Bernard, of the College de France, who stood at the head of his profession, and was known not merely in Paris, but in every capital of Europe, by his brilliant discoveries in medical science. How the other two got to Paris is another story. Bernard got there with a few francs in his pocket and a tragedy in five acts under his arm. Was not Racine once unknown, and Corneille poor? Girardin held at that time a chair at the Sorbonne, and to the verdict of the great critic the manuscript of *Arthur de Bretagne* was duly submitted, with the help of a letter of introduction from an old professor at Lyons. Girardin read ability on every page, but he did not like to consign the bright lad to the "outrageous fortune" which usually overtakes the playwright by profession. He counselled prudence. "You have studied pharmacy; study medicine, you will thereby much more surely gain a livelihood." Claude Bernard was not a vainglorious fool. He took the hint, and duly emerged, after a hard struggle, from the Quartier Latin as the highly qualified assistant of Dr. François Magendie, who then held the Chair of Anatomy at the College de France. In the end, Claude Bernard far outstripped his master in original research, and the bulk of this book is filled with a detailed scientific account of his discoveries in the chemistry of nutrition and kindred subjects. Sir Michael Foster lays stress on the value which Bernard attached to imagination and pre-conceived theory in experimental research, though he knew when to lay such aids to interpretation aside. He used to say to the students who flocked about him, "Put off your imagination as you take off your overcoat when you enter the laboratory, but put it on again, as you do the overcoat, when you leave. Before the experiment and between whiles, let your imagination wrap you round. Put it right away during the experiment itself lest it hinder your observing power." When Napoleon III. proposed to decorate Bernard, he said simply—"I want nothing for myself, but my science is in great want of proper laboratories." The Emperor founded in consequence two splendid laboratories—one at the Sorbonne and the other at the Jardin des Plantes, and quickly followed such acts of munificence by making the great surgeon a senator. This monograph appeals chiefly to medical men, but it is written with so much lucidity and charm that ordinary readers can scarcely fail to appreciate it.

Napoleon I. was checkmated by Admiral Cornwallis by the blockade of Brest at the beginning of the century. The invasion of England was one of the cherished projects of the great soldier, and it was at Brest that he assembled the ships that were to carry his troops to the conquest of perfidious Albion. The Navy Records Society has just published the first of two volumes filled with letters and despatches concerning Cornwallis's Expedition, 1803–5, and these official papers have been duly annotated by Mr. Leyland. He claims, and with truth, that the conditions of this great blockade have hitherto only been partially understood even in well-informed quarters, and he thinks that justice has not been done to the achievement of Cornwallis and his officers. "Their work as blockaders was more important and more successful than that of Nelson at the same period. The tenacity of Cornwallis prepared the way for Trafalgar; it had already forced upon Napoleon the consciousness of his impotence, and was to drive him to those Continental complications which led to the catastrophe of Waterloo." The title of the book is scarcely adequate to the range of its contents, since these letters and despatches explain not simply the blockade of Brest, but of Lorient and Rochefort, and of the French at Ferrol, as well as the operations of the fleet in the Bay of Biscay and of armed cruisers stretching out to the West. The book throws light on the ideas of statesmen as well as sailors, and it helps us to understand the tactics which were pursued during the blockade as well as to learn something of the gallantry of a great sailor who was beloved by his comrade-in-arms. Nelson used to say that it was Cornwallis who made him certain that the English could always beat the French, if they would only keep on fighting long enough. He added that Cornwallis had taught him the truth of the saying that people did not know what they could do until they tried.

Science made easy is admirably represented in a group of lectures on "Curiosities of Light and Sight" by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S. They were given, in substance at least, before audiences at the Royal Institution, the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, etc. They deal with the action of light and the function of the eye, colour and its perfection, optical defects and illusion, and curiosities of vision, and whilst of a popular and informal character, are both fresh and suggestive.—"Australian Sketches Made on Tour" is the title which Mr. Harry Furniss gives to an amusing little book of quizzical remarks and droll pictures, which lean heavily, we need scarcely say, for the most part to caricature. There are some side-splitting pictures, and others that are somewhat forced.—Canon Teignmouth Shore has written a picturesque monograph on "Worcester Cathedral," a see which gave a pope to the chair of St. Peter, Clement VII. Four of its bishops were canonised, eleven were raised to the archiepiscopal thrones of Canterbury or York; seven were Lord Chancellors, two were Lord Treasurers, and two (Latimer and Hooper) suffered martyrdom for the reformed faith. The cathedral itself has many architectural claims and some magnificent carved oak. King John's tomb is, perhaps, the most interesting monument, but Prince Arthur's chantry, which was erected by Henry VIII. in memory of his brother, is not the least beautiful feature of the building.—The familiar games of "Dominoes and Draughts" are expounded in their most scientific developments in a manual by Professor Hoffmann and Mr. McCulloch. Homer and Plato have allusions to draughts, which was a popular game with the ancient Egyptians. Dominoes seem to have been known almost as long, especially in the Far East, and there is a curious chapter in this book on tricks of divination with them.

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* Claude Bernard. By Michael Foster, M.A., M.D., D.C.L., etc. Portrait. (Masters of Medicine.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Despatches and Letters relating to the Blockade of Brest, 1803–5. Edited by John Leyland. Portrait. London: The Navy Records Society.

Curiosities of Light and Sight. By Shelford Bidwell, M.A., LL.B., F.R.S. Illustrated. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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